

THE



DIAL

DECEMBER 1923

THE INJURED ONE

BY KAREL CAPEK

Translated From the Czech by P. Beaumont Wadsworth

VOJTECH slept soundly (it was a November night when it is good for a man to be in his bed) when suddenly somebody knocked at his window with a stick. There was still a moment for the sleeper to finish his dream, in which the knocking played a certain rôle, both decisive and confused, and then he awoke. And again, again. The sleeper pulled the blankets over his ears and decided not to hear anything. But again the stick rattled on the pane in a sharp and peremptory manner. Vojtech jumped out of bed, opened the window, and saw, down below on the path, a man, muffled up to the throat.

"What do you want here?" he cried, putting into his voice his most violent anger.

"Make me some tea," replied a hoarse voice from below.

The sleeper recognized his brother and woke up at last. The bitter cold night seized him by the chest.

"Wait a moment," he called down. He turned on the light, and began to dress himself. As he dressed he remembered that he had not spoken to his brother for two years because they had quarrelled over a legacy. He was so surprised suddenly at his coming that he forgot to put on his boots. Sitting with one boot in his hand he shook his head. But why has he come? Evidently something has happened to him, he finally decided, threw on his clothes, and rushed to the window again. But his brother was not standing there now; he was already at the corner of the street, going away;

perhaps the waiting beneath the window had been too long for him. Then Vojtech rushed down the passage, opened the front door, and ran after him. His brother was walking away hastily and without looking back.

"Karel," shouted Vojtech, as he ran; and he was sure that his brother heard him, but that he would neither stop nor slacken his pace. So he ran after him and shouted in agitation:

"Karel, what are you doing, Karel . . . wait . . . wait for me!" Karel went on his way quickly. Shivering with cold, half-dressed, and excited, Vojtech stopped. Just at that moment he felt the rain. Karel went on. Suddenly he turned, and with the same quick steps, came straight to his brother. It was so unexpected, that for the life of him Vojtech did not know what to say. They had quarrelled for two years. He was a stubborn man. Now he stands here with flashing eyes, biting his lip. . . .

"So you won't give me any tea," Karel reproached him, angrily and darkly.

"But . . . of course I will . . . with pleasure," and Vojtech breathed with relief, "I only wanted a moment . . . come back at once, I'll boil some for you immediately."

"So at last," snapped Karel, bitterly.

"But, my God," Vojtech ejaculated. "What then! You might have come long before this. I'll . . . immediately, whatever . . . if you want something to eat . . . I'll always be glad . . . you've only got to tell me."

"Thank you, only a drop of tea."

"I've bacon from Moravia, man, do you know that? Or eggs. But I don't even know what time it is! It's such a long time since we saw each other, Karel, isn't it? Would you like some wine?"

"No."

"What do you want then? Only tell me. Look out . . . be careful . . . here are the stairs!"

"I know."

At last Vojtech got him into the house. He laughed and chattered and offered him various things. Apologizing, "You know I'm only an old bachelor," gathered together some cigarettes for him, cleared the chairs, hardly noticing that he himself was doing all the talking. But all the time there stuck in his mind the watchful, restless, inquisitive thought: something has happened to him.

Meanwhile Karel sat clouded and absent. A heavy silence was in the room.

"Something has happened to you?" Vojtech broke out.

"Nothing."

Vojtech shook his head. He did not know his brother in this mood. The smell of wine and of women came from him. And yet he is a married man. He has a young wife, mild as a sheep, meek and pretty. For years he has stayed at home, a man of common-sense and authority, a domestic machine, an example of a well-ordered life, a little hard, methodical, precise, and esteeming himself immensely. Once he had been seriously ill; and ever since that time had based his life on an amazingly regular, healthy plan, as if life itself were worthy to be, day by day, redeemed by order and self-control. And now he sits there, sullen, darkly sober, like a man who is just awakening after a night of debauchery. He is sitting there with an expression unspeakably strained and hard, chewing something painfully. Do you not see how cruel it is, what is happening to him! It was three o'clock in the morning. Vojtech struck his forehead.

"My God, that tea," he remembered, running with housewifely eagerness and anxiety to the kitchen. He shivered with cold. Wrapping himself in a blanket like an old woman, he boiled the water above a blue spirit-flame, much pleased that he could perform some mechanical action. He prepared the cups and the sugar, satisfying himself with the familiar tinkling of the things. Through a chink he looked into the room, and there, see, his brother is standing at the open window, as though he were listening to the roaring of the weirs on the Vltava, a bright and clear voice wrapped in the cold rustling of the rain as in a veil.

"Aren't you cold?" asked Vojtech.

"No."

Vojtech stood at the door in a yearning mood. Here on the one side, a quiet, dark hole, a warm drink, a joy to be at home, a pleasure to entertain someone; and there, on the other side, a window, wide-open, filled with the majestic voice of the river and the darkness, for perhaps the night itself is rushing over the Vltava weir, such is its roar; and at the window, a tall, erect man, incredibly queer, strangely excited. Your own brother whom you do not recognize. Vojtech stood on the threshold as though on the bound-

ary of two worlds: his own intimate world, and that of his brother, which seemed extraordinarily vast and terrible at this moment. But he knew that he would be initiated into it, that his brother had come in order to tell him something extremely important. He was afraid of it. He was almost terrified of it; while he listened with microphonic attention to the hissing of the spirit-lamp and the wide roaring of the river.

Like a mother Vojtech brings the hot red tea to the table with the question—"Only tell me . . . do you want something to eat?"—at the same time bringing out bacon and cakes, asking his brother to eat, running round like a woman, like a sympathetic old woman. Karel only drank a little of the tea, and then it seemed that he had forgotten his thirst.

"You see," he began, and was silent. He sits there with his face pressed into his palms, forgetting that he wanted to speak.

Suddenly he rose.

"Listen, Vojtech," he began again, "I wanted to say this . . . Our quarrel was stupid. I beg of you, don't think that I care about the money. Perhaps you did think so. It's all the same to me, but it's not true. I only wanted things put in order. And then . . . I haven't such a great interest in money," he shouted, excitedly, snapping his fingers. "Not such an interest. Nor, if it comes to that, in anything. I can do without the lot."

Vojtech thawed at once. Deeply moved, he broke in, assuring him that he had not thought about the matter for a long time, that they had both made a mistake, and God knows what else. . . .

But Karel did not listen to him.

"Be quiet," he said, "I don't want to talk about it at all. It's quite irrelevant, anyhow. I only wanted . . . to ask you," he went on, somewhat irresolutely, "to do something for me. To tell my wife that I've resigned my position."

"But why . . . why?" cried Vojtech, astonished. "Aren't you going back to her?"

"Not just at this moment, do you understand? And perhaps not at all . . . oh, besides it does not matter. She can go to her parents if she's unhappy. I only want peace. I must begin to do something. I have such a plan. But the details do not matter for the moment. The main thing is that I must be alone, do you understand?"

"I don't understand anything. What's the matter at your office?"

"Nothing . . . a stupid affair. It's all the same to me now, what was there and what will be there. Do you think that it makes me unhappy?"

"Then what is upsetting you?"

"It's nothing. It's quite unimportant in any case. I don't think about it at all. On the contrary. I'm very happy . . . very happy, Vojtech." He turned to his brother confidentially: "I beg of you, tell me the truth, but frankly. Do you think that I'm fit to be an official? What do you think?"

"I . . . I . . . I don't know," stammered Vojtech.

"I only want to say, you see, that if you know me a little from old times, would you think that it is sufficient for me? That I could be satisfied with it? Or perhaps I haven't the right or the need to live otherwise. Do you think it's true?"

"I don't think so at all," said Vojtech, unwillingly and without certainty, trying, at a glance, to catch the whole, regular, clearly-limited life of his brother; the life which he had sometimes grudged him, the life in which he had never had close interest.

"Perhaps, we can say, it was so," Karel continued, reflecting. "Or it was sleeping in me. Do you know, I have not even known it myself, but now, Vojtech, I know it only too well."

"What do you know so well?"

"And all for what," Karel waved his hand in the air, absorbed in his own thoughts.

Vojtech hesitated for a moment.

"Listen, Karel," he began, "something has happened to you. You are angry or you are upset and . . . and perhaps without reason. Tell me first, what has happened to you. Perhaps it might be put right. Surely we can do something about it. And that you will not return to your wife or to your office is all nonsense. You are not seriously thinking of it . . . are you?"

Karel stood up and laughed.

"That's enough," he said, and began to walk up and down the room. Then he looked round, stood before the pictures, and recognized all the permanent things. . . . "Vojtech, poor man," he began mockingly, "so you live here? And alone? And have you enough room for your whole life, your whole life? Look here,

suppose you were to marry! As I have done! To take such a good wife. And if she were to slave for you as if you were a tyrannical child. And if you were her little boy, because she is afraid of having children, and has no children. To have such a nest with pillows . . . as I have! Why man, you don't know what happiness is!"

"You wrong your wife," protested Vojtech, quietly.

"I really wrong her," answered Karel. "And more than that, I am quite tired of her. I've had enough of her. You can tell her that, but tell her also that I know how I wrong her. Tell her that she was a perfect example of an official's wife. Oh, God, it is almost a crime! Just imagine it. It is quite certain that she waited for me to-night. The whole evening she keeps the fire bright, looks at the thermometer, lays the table, and waits. Imagine it, she has no idea yet. Even now she waits, shudders, and sits on the bed, puzzled. . . . Until in the morning you will come to her and say: 'Madam, your husband has run away.'"

"I shall not say it!"

"But you must say it. 'He ran away because he became loathsome to himself. He became terribly tired of all that he knew about himself. Just think of it, madam, suddenly he found in himself an unknown soul, something worse, strange and furious, and he wants to begin to do something with it. He can't sleep with you now, because your husband was quite another person; he was just a domestic idiot, who drank warmed beer, and whom you loved.' Just tell her that, Vojtech, do you understand? Say to her: 'Madam, he hates warmed beer, he hates you yourself, because last night he drank iced and burning wine and was unfaithful to you. He found a whore and he would return to her.' . . . Ah, man," Karel passed at once from the solemn dictatorial voice to a passionate half-audible tone, "it was dreadful at this girl's. If you could only see the misery! Good God, man, what conditions! Her feet were wet and cold as ice. It was impossible to warm them. I must return there because of all the misery. If you could only see how she lives! It can't be altered by charity, either, you see she spends it all on drink. But someone should be with her. . . ."

"Karel," said Vojtech, hoarsely.

"Wait, don't interrupt." Karel defended himself, "It's not only that. That's only an unimportant thing. I didn't think about

women at all at the beginning. But tell me, Vojtech, tell me, can a man return to the pillows and the warm curtains after seeing such misery? You know our home, Vojtech, I'd choke there with shame and disgust. My wife couldn't understand that. I know she is good; please be silent, at least about this. I didn't want to begin with that; it's only an example, and it happened after . . ."

"After what?"

"After I had made a decision. Wait, you don't know anything at all yet. Everything began quite differently. It began . . . when I was still an official at the office . . . in short, in short, there was a row in the office. . . . And I," terribly excited, Karel struck the table with his palm, "I was in the right, and that was enough."

"What kind of a row was it?" Vojtech asked carefully.

"Oh, it was nothing, a mere stupidity. Nothing worth talking about. Only such an impulse, you see. But a man feels quite trodden on and can't defend himself. As though you were a dish-cloth. So I remained in the office, and went through the books and files, and see, I was proved to be in the right. Someone else must have made the mistake, but who? It is quite strange how little it matters to me now; but at the moment I was wriggling like a worm and had decided to kill myself."

"Karel!" Vojtech cried.

"You, you must be silent," Karel ordered as though drunk, pointing a trembling finger at him, "you are also like this. All the evening I tramped the streets. I wouldn't go home. I condemned myself. I was tired and only longed to get drunk. I found a certain *vinarna*, you know the kind—but such a place. I never saw anything like it, music and girls, and so much dirt—amazing. I have forgotten for the moment who was sitting with me there. One had terrible sore fingers, her nails were dropping off. Perhaps it was from some venereal disease, do you think so?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because she drank steadily from my glass. I couldn't prevent her. But now it's all the same to me. Then there was someone I spoke to the whole evening; I've no idea who it was. It seemed to me that they had all come there just as I had, the men and the prostitutes, all of them. Perhaps they will all commit suicide because they are so unhappy, and that's the reason they went there. It

seemed to me that I had something in common with them, but in some other deeper sense than, for instance, with the men in my office. It was as though I perhaps would have to sell matches and be old and lousy in the place of that match-seller; or that my own nails might drop off painfully; or that I might prostitute myself; or steal in the night as they do. Just imagine, Vojtech, for instance, this thought. It came into my head that as I was sitting there the end of the world had come outside, and that nothing remained but that *vinarna* and the people in it; prostitutes, drunkards, street-singers, thieves, diseased people, and that they alone were mankind. That there were neither churches nor palaces, neither philosophy nor art, neither fame nor states, but only those twenty outcasts. Can you imagine such a thing?"

"But tell me more."

"Hm. There's nothing more. I only thought of what I should do in such a case. For instance, what should I do with all my files, my position, and my knowledge? Indeed, man, none of these things would give pleasure to any of them, nor could I directly represent the nobility or the rejection of Man. It would be neither an example nor a picture of anything. If I were to play the harp or weep, it would be a hundred or a thousand times better, do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes."

"So you see, Vojtech, that's why I've come to you, because I knew that you'd understand. It has made my life quite clear to me. I lived uselessly. Even for me, even for me, it was all for nothing. Perhaps it was useful for the State; but the State is only something official . . . the State, perhaps, is the duty on wine, but it is neither the wine nor the *vinarna*, neither the scabby drunkard nor the diseased waitress. These are the facts, do you understand? Man must follow the facts and not only give orders. . . . In short, it became loathsome for me at once. Really, Vojtech, an official is a man who obeys and forces other men to obey also, and that is all he does. A higher official, as I was, doesn't know at all whether men are ill or what is the matter with them. Disease, misery, and ugliness must be seen, otherwise you know nothing. But if you could only see it, and always see it, and do nothing else, even that in itself would be a great service to mankind. You are made unhappy, mad, and ill by it, and that is more, much more than if

you are merely sitting, sound and happy among the cushions. And that's how it is."

At that moment Vojtech found it extremely pleasant only to listen. Completely muffled up, with his knees under his chin, squatting in a woollen blanket, he was like a child who is as much charmed by the voice and gestures as by the words of the speaker.

"Go on, further," he asked.

"Further," Karel pondered, "what was there further? When I'd decided not to return to the office again it made me very happy. The idea of killing myself had already gone. On the contrary, I saw that I should begin afresh, that it is the beginning of a new life. That was such an amazing feeling, and life had never seemed so beautiful to me. I walked through the town again, not thinking at all about what I ought to do. But everywhere around me and even behind the walls of the houses I felt something quite new. And just because it was so beautiful for me I recognized that I had reached something both splendid and true. Certainly, Vojtech, inspiration is the greatest happiness. It cannot be expressed. It is just as though you are talking to God; or as if your mind were suddenly to comprehend the whole universe, the earth, the stars, mankind, and even the people of the past. Such is this happiness. Afterwards this girl met me and invited me home; and I went to see if that amazing, that supernatural beauty, could endure in such . . . such horror. And Vojtech, would you believe it? By degrees I became freer. When I saw her misery it was as though I had received wings. If to-day I could see all the horror and misery in the world I should be still happier and more certain of myself. I must recognize many more things because it makes a man free. Are you asleep?"

"I'm not asleep."

"The more a man sees of misery the more he has in common with the world of men. I have found the feeling of unity. It is not altogether sympathy. It is enlightenment and ecstasy; not regret, but enthusiasm. You yourself . . ." (thus he preached, standing, his hand outstretched, possessed completely by the drunkenness which had previously been overcome by the ecstasy) . . . "you yourself see every pain then and discover every disease and degradation and feel that it is your own. You yourself are poor and miserable, thief and prostitute, drunkard and despairing. You are

what you see. And then you only long to carry all misery and every disease, to take all the rejection upon yourself; you desire and thirst after this to satisfy yourself. You will not give to charity because that will not wipe out old wrongs; but you will be poor yourself. You yourself must be equally poor to wipe them out. You must be diseased, drunk, pursued, insulted, muddled, and morally low. You must reach the heights. You must reach the highest heights. Enough, you knew enough. Forget all. Now you must learn. But Vojtech," turning suddenly with extraordinary kindness, "you want to go to bed, don't you?"

"No. Not at all," Vojtech assured him, eagerly.

"Go and lie down. I must write something. Go and sleep, please, you would only be in my way."

"No, Karel," said Vojtech, "I shall not sleep; but you can write. I shall only lie down so that I shan't be in your way; but afterwards I have something to tell you."

"That's all right, only sleep," repeated Karel, and sat down at the table, burying his head in his hands.

Stretched out quietly on the bed Vojtech fell to thinking about what he should say to his brother. He was puzzled and yet full of pity. He searched for some peculiarly kind words that would be like bright glances. Careful words like those we use to a sick person. Something with which he could both please and repay. With half-closed eyes he looked at his brother. He was bending over the table as though he were studying. He always used to study so hard and stubbornly. He always used to have such passionate pleasures which he would overcome by studying. He was so ambitious and yet so rash. The young drinker who stopped drinking altogether one day because he had decided to do so. Or he would decide to get up at five o'clock in the morning. Then he would get up and study while Vojtech, voluptuous and warmth-loving as a cat, snored between the blankets. "Vojtech, Vojtech, get up, it's seven o'clock." Vojtech pretends not to hear. But meanwhile he hears the scratching of a pen on paper, and is rather pleased that some living being is so near to him. For nothing in the world would he open his eyes. He did not wish to interrupt his dream. But it is not really a dream (Vojtech smiled) it actually happened to me when I was perhaps in the Fourth Class: some boys of the Seventh Class, Karel's school-chums, took me into a *vinarna*—let me see,

it was Kislinger and Dostalek, but he's dead. . . . Now Vojtech hears a woman singing: "And I am Esmeralda, the true daughter of the South, Esmeralda, Esmeralda . . ." He likes it, but he is afraid that they will turn him out, and makes himself small so that no one should see him. He hides himself behind the table and only looks at the girl who is serving the wine. With upraised arms she arranges her hair and sings softly. Now she speaks to someone, bending down to his face, kneeling, with one knee on the chair, look, a red garter under the other knee. Vojtech does not know what to do with his eyes. He is ashamed of them, and only watches, jealously. . . . And now she sees me, my God! Now she comes straight over to him, lurching a little, leans right across the table, and looks at him, very intently, with mysterious flashing eyes. She is humming a love-song, and laughs, quietly and kindly. Vojtech feels her damp breath on his lips and is on the point of weeping with shame and love.

He would like to say something, but he does not know what; nor does she. Therefore she only whispers the love-song and gazes into his eyes with a very intimate, clear look. What did she want from me? Why did she say nothing? Actually there are no boys here any more, only Karel, sitting and writing on foolscap paper, saying to himself: now you must study. Vojtech pretends to hear nothing, study what you like, he thinks, only let me sleep now.

When Vojtech awoke it was broad daylight. He was puzzled to find himself lying in bed, half-dressed, then he remembered a little and looked for Karel. Karel lay on the sofa, sleeping. His cheeks drooped, tired to the point of pain, and he seemed aged. Then Vojtech, silently, in order not to awaken him, searched for what he had written. He found a letter in a sealed envelope, tore it open, and read:

"Dear Sir,

Owing to my illness I resign my position and request my release without pension.

X. X., late Councillor"

Vojtech shook his head and searched further. In the waste-paper basket there were several crushed, cancelled, and torn pieces of paper. He opened them and read:

"Dear Sir,

Please compare the file which was taken from me with the enclosure B3, volume M23, with the dictation of the Minister in the same place, and also with the copy of the letter from the 17.9. in the same place, to make sure that the wrong decision which was taken was not my fault, but that I received incorrect material from that document. You can see yourself, although you are so young, that the Minister wrongly—"

And here the letter was crossed in evident anger and crushed. The next paper had apparently to carry the beginning of some essay; there was only: "If you want to become a philosopher you must—"

Even this paper was crushed and torn, perhaps after his long sleeplessness. Vojtech put all the poor papers together carefully, and with a quivering, pitying pain, looked at his sleeping brother. You see, he is already grey about the temples; his eyes are swollen, and he seems to be ill. Vojtech gazed at him thoughtfully; then he silently finished his dressing, locked the door behind him, and ran to his brother's office. He had some acquaintances there, and it was easy for him to discover what had happened yesterday.

In the afternoon the Minister had come rushing into the Department, almost beside himself with rage. "It is a wretched thing," he shouted, the moment he entered the door, "whoever has done this is either a fool or a dishonest person." He did not say it in so many words, but he hinted at it, still worse. "And who did this?" he shouted, waving a document. Everyone shook with fear. Then Karel said: "It is my file," and wanted to defend himself. "Be silent, sir," roared the Minister, as he tore the document and threw it on to the table of the youngest official in the Department, his favourite: "Correct it, sir." And he slammed the door behind him. Everyone remained as if they were petrified. Karel, pale and apparently as mechanical as a doll, closed his desk, and departed without a word. At five o'clock he returned and worked while all the others went home. After all no one really believed that he had made such a mistake; but he did not wish to speak to any one.

Then Vojtech, almost with force, penetrated to the Minister, a terrible, explosive man; and in half an hour he appeared in the doorway, red, exhausted, but with triumphant eyes. The Minister

himself even accompanied him to the door to shake his hand again. Vojtech rushed home, and found Karel sitting frowning on the sofa, slack with fatigue, and encompassed within a ring of his own thoughts.

"Karel," he announced triumphantly, "you ought to go to your Minister."

"I will not go," said Karel, absently.

"You will go, because . . . because he will apologize to you. He begs you to go to him so that he may express his sorrow, and his confidence in you. And his esteem." Vojtech remembered, hastily, the words already prepared.

"Why did you go there?" Karel asked with some heaviness. "It is quite useless. I will not do that, and I will . . . I will have peace, Vojtech. I feel so much better. Leave me alone, please. I am concerned with things much more important . . ."

There was a discordant silence. Vojtech, in despair, bit his nails.

"And what then, tell me, do you really wish to do?" he asked finally.

"I don't know," said Karel, with disgust, beginning to pace up and down the room.

Someone rang the bell. It was a chauffeur.

"The Minister has sent his car for the Councillor," he announced at the door.

Karel made a sudden movement and searched the eyes of his brother suspiciously: is it not a pre-arranged comedy? But he only saw naïve surprise.

Then something absurdly emotional flooded him, an emotion which overpowers a man when he receives small trifles, unexpectedly. Tears came into his eyes. He flushed and turned to the window. Just below gleamed the body of a beautiful car.

"Very well then," he said, hesitatingly, "I'll go."

And then began suddenly to hurry. Even Vojtech helped him hurriedly and in confusion, so that they had scarcely time to say good-bye to each other.

When Vojtech stepped to the window the street was already empty; and because he felt desolate and a little sad, he went to announce to Karel's wife the news that her husband would return.

REVERIE

BY EDWIN MUIR

The dark road journeys to the darkening sky,
The twilight settles like a circling pool,
The railway bridge is lifted up on high,
And the unerring lines are beautiful.

A soldier and his girl in casual walk
Pass heavily, their garments creased with woe,
Like stiff slow-labouring statues; yet they talk
In peace and gather comfort as they go.

In the small cabin by the railway-side
A lonely concertina by some priest
Of guileless joy is played; its sound goes wide
Like the blunt brumming of a vague-voiced beast.

I stand, and thin-toned anguish frets my heart
Over the cabin-boy who all the night
Sits in his thoughtless paradise apart
And in his lonely monologue finds delight;

And over these two who, in half-dumb talk,
With broken gestures and half-shapen speech,
In unintelligible rapture walk,
Too far for vain and longing thought to reach.

Oh, why should fading form and falling sound
Such sculptured shapes of deep division take?
Why do we walk with muted footsteps round
In this strong trance called life from which none wake?

Whither do these blind-journeying lovers go?
What does he wait, the boy with idle hands?

And I who stand in idle questioning so?

We walk all four in strange and different lands.

These lovers never will return again;

That sound has died long since within the gloam.

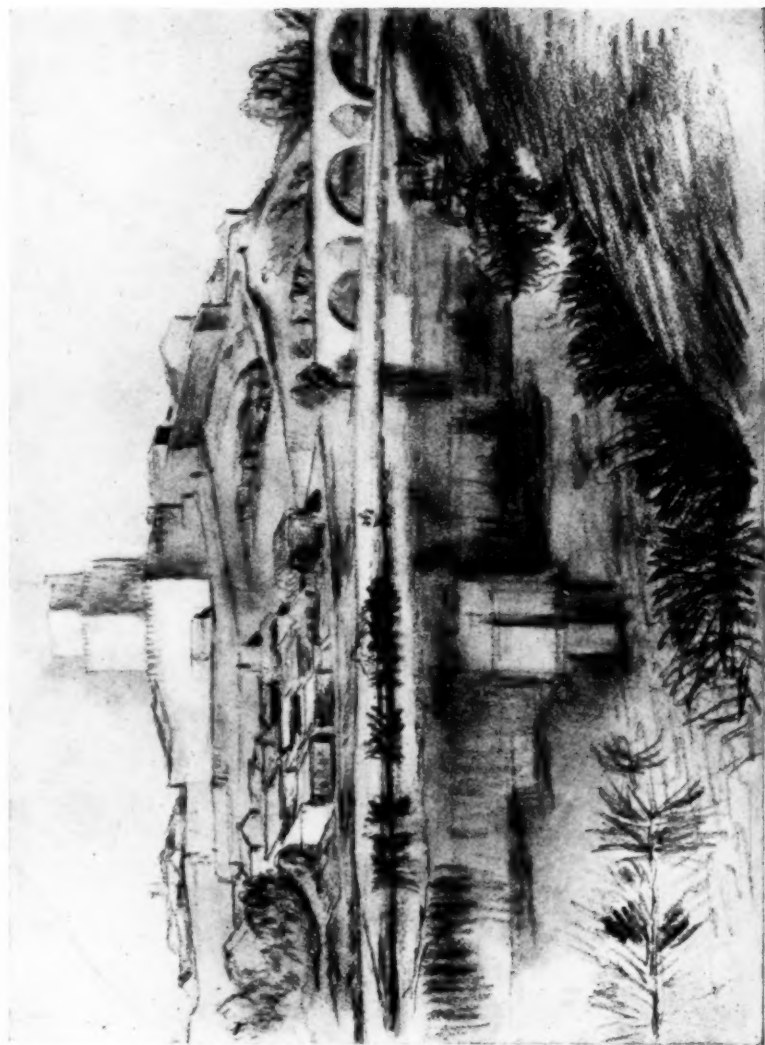
Why do I wait still with my foolish pain?

All, all at last must take their sorrow home.

SALAMANCA

BY ROGER FRY

PEOPLE, i. e. people without motors, do not, I believe, go very frequently to Salamanca. Even commercial travellers, so one of them told me, funk it because of the quite peculiar cussedness of its railway communications. Still every other day a goods train condescends to trail behind it a few decrepit carriages from Medina del Campo which is the general junction for Spain west of Madrid. It attaches such importance to this feat that it starts to time whatever may have happened to the Madrid-Paris express. On the day I tried the connexion the express engine had broken down so hopelessly on the inclines of the Guadarrama pass that it only arrived in time for a very hurried scramble into the goods train. But having once started punctually the train gives up any further effort and only just manages an average of ten miles an hour across the absolutely bare waste of slightly undulating plain which stretches over this part of Castile. One small cluster of Mediterranean pines raises its long bare trunks out of the baked yellow earth at the station of Caspio and for the rest nothing; nothing to break the evenness of the surface and no apparent reason why there should be stations or villages and nothing to show how any one supports life there. A sort of cart track of indefinite outline and great width wanders vaguely across the plain and now and then the train overtakes—it does overtake, but not with éclat—the ubiquitous Spanish donkey trotting steadily along beneath a load as big as itself, its two saddle baskets on either side and a huge peasant behind on its haunches. Where they can be going and why, seems in this wilderness utterly unimaginable. And so it goes on hour after hour for four hours; it is only forty miles even then, but it seems much longer. The long monotony of those hours have their effect and their recompense when behind a final undulation of the brown soil there suddenly appears the vision of Salamanca, a whole row of towers and domes for as yet the houses are hidden. It is like a more grandiose Oxford—curiously like in the proportion of dome to tower—only all dark amber-coloured stone rising against the



SPANISH SCENE. BY ROGER FRY

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glare of the horizon over the dark umber ridge of the land. The train creeps down a valley and one is in Salamanca or rather near it, for no Spanish train ever goes to the town indicated in the guide, but near enough for the ramshackle Hotel Omnibuses just to get to where the train stops in the outlying desert.

Salamanca is perhaps the most miraculous of these Castilian cities, its *raison d'être* seems entirely problematical. What natural and economic forces made this particular spot, where the barren, treeless plain slopes down to the bed of the Tormes, the centre of learning for Spain, the intermediary for all Europe of Arabic science and Western thought and a great, and in some ways sumptuous city? What products of the earth, got by what toil of man, where the earth seems completely barren and man completely idle, provided the money to build so extensively and so elaborately? For Salamanca is a city where Plateresque and Baroque fancy have impressed their wildest dreams on the rich surface of the stone.

Salamanca begins bravely enough at the top of its slope with the Calle de Zamora which sets out wide and regular in its lines toward the great central Plaza Mayor, but before it gets there it gives up in despair, divides into many small, winding, intricate lanes which finally trickle feebly under the colonnade of the square. The particular one I usually go down is all barbers' shops on one side, always empty and gaping for customers, and on the other a big blank wall of lovely stone and a dull Renaissance church door. This is the establishment of the Hijas de Jesus (Daughters of Jesus) of which every town seems to possess one. These particular Hijas seem to me to have a poor time of it. Their church is the only one in Salamanca that ever is open at any convenient hours and is always nearly full, but the Hijas don't go into it. They sit up somewhere behind a grille and drone out in their childish treble interminable bad hymn tunes—it must be a sort of perpetual Sunday afternoon of the old-fashioned kind in there.—Sunday indeed is the one day when they do appear in the streets walking with guttering candles behind a procession of the Host and listening to music as bad as their own, but played by a military band. I suppose the balance of things in Salamanca is trimmed by the Hijos de Trabajo (Sons of Labour) whose institute I saw, but never one of the actual sons to my knowledge, nor any one else recognizably related to "Labour."

The Plaza Mayor is, to quote Baedeker, "the finest city square in Spain." It is a Spanish version of the Place Stanislas at Nancy, but instead of the pale grey French stone cut into refined and calculated elegance, it is all of the warm golden colour of Salamanca stone, and its proportions are not so nicely adjusted and, though the same elevation is maintained all round the square, the Spanish architects could not achieve symmetry, and façades are broken where its streets happen to enter. It is of a kind of heavy Rococo style which in reality is hardly changed from Churriguerra's seventeenth century Town Hall at one side. But then Churriguerra's Baroque is already half way to Rococo.

The main street recovers its composure soon after the Plaza Mayor and runs straight to the Cathedral. This is Hontanón's second masterpiece, and like the cathedral of Segovia is splendidly planned for its situation; rising from the sloping edge of the hill with a tremendous face (I speak of the side elevation) of orange masonry before at an incredible height the ornate window of the transept breaks it. The system of rectangular boxes which his Renaissance training caused him to give to the general shape is here less frittered away with crochets and pinnacles than it is at Segovia and as regards the outside it is certainly superior.

Wherever, as in the West Front or round the North Door, the use of sculpture is indicated, it is of course of an incredible intricacy and multiplicity, with elaborate arabesques of animals chasing one another along cornices and in the hollows of mouldings. The carving is wonderfully sharp and precise and of great technical brilliancy—the Spaniards of the sixteenth century must have got up earlier than they do now to have carved such vast areas of stone with so incredibly minute and rich a sculptured surface. In effect it is the creation of a surface that is aimed at. The sculptures could hardly be meant to be looked at as sculpture, as, for instance, most of the French Gothic sculpture can be, even though it fits also into a general decorative scheme. In these Plateresque churches both scale and quantity defeat the searching eye. The scale because each individual form is so minute—the quantity because a whole façade may be covered with them.

The real meaning of this sculpture then is the creation of a richly varied surface, however little conscious of this the artist may have been.

The fact is the Spaniards could never get quit of their Moorish antecedents and perhaps no people have ever had so exquisite a sensibility for surface as the Arabs—so marvellous a sense of how to play one kind of surface against another. But then until the fourteenth century when their art went to pieces they preserved their fine tact—they knew how to keep their rich surfaces precious—how to give them value by the opposition of large unbroken and massive surfaces. Think of the Mesopotamian pottery of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. The animal form that fills the centre of the bowl or plate is drawn with large blunt outlines and then the interstices may be filled with the minutest intricacies—these will count, none the less, as just another surface, and the eye grasps at once the interplay of the two.

Then again the Arabs knew how to make the relief of a rich surface incredibly delicate, using only the shallowest relief, i. e., the weakest contrasts of light and shade, or, if it was painting, only the finest strokes or the fainter colours.

And finally they knew that it was worse than wasted labour to use forms of real objects, animals or men, merely to create a surface. They knew, as the Byzantines had already discovered, that that can be done even better by merely geometric or meaningless shapes, by mere dots and dashes and rounds and crosses.

Now the Spaniards when they came to work on their own, had in their minds the Mudéjar traditions, but not the Mudéjar artist's tact. They used Gothic and Renaissance forms to produce the rich surfaces of the Arab geometrics. Now this produces a certain want of ease. One feels that one might, perhaps one ought, to look at each of these animals biting the tail of the next, at all these nude, *putti*, and floral interweavings and it requires an effort to say to oneself that they have no meaning except as so much variegation of surface, that they are no more than the rustications on classic coins.

Then again in their desire to astonish the Plateresque designers cut their stone far too deeply so that the contrast of carved and plain surfaces is too violent.

But Hontanón merits the tourists' gratitude as much for what he so piously left as for what he built. For he left the little Old Cathedral standing under the shadow of his new and towering structure. It is a simple and well-planned twelfth century build-

ing with scarcely a moulding or ornament except on its richly cut, fantastically designed capitals.

Out of the cloister there lead many chapels filled with twelfth and early thirteenth century tombs. The sculptor's tradition here has something peculiar and fascinating—an almost clumsy massiveness in the forms which heightens the archaic dignity of the gesture and expression of these recumbent kings and princes. Nowhere else did I get so high an opinion of Spanish plastique of this period—and then it was quite distinct from the French, lacking its elegance of finish, but with a sombre dramatic power which is very impressive.

But Salamanca means most of all the University. One enters through a great Plateresque gateway not unlike a glorified version of the gateway of St Johns at Cambridge. Inside is a large two-storeyed cloister very plain except for the complicated honey-combing of a rich Artesonado ceiling in the upper storey. On the ground floor are the entrances to the class rooms, one of them the vast dark thirteenth century cellar in which Fray Luis de Leon lectured. It was to him that Salamanca owed its greatest European reputation and his lecture room has been piously preserved with its original benches and desks. These are hardly more than tree trunks with one side flattened and are by now inscribed with the initials and dates of whole centuries of students.

I have at least one defect as a traveller, I am curiously insensitive to the sentimental association of objects. Caesar's razor-stop would leave me cold and I would not cross a street to see all Napoleon's knick-knacks; but somehow I felt a sentimental thrill at the sight of this class room. Perhaps it is that in the whole of human history no adventure seems to me so thrilling as this of the desperate voyage after truth in the face of grudging nature and hostile man.

How risky this adventure was we may judge from the story of Fray Luis de Leon himself. The charge of heresy was always so easy to bring and so hard to refute that so striking a figure could hardly fail to be the object of attack. Consequently he found himself one day transferred from his professional chair at Salamanca to the Inquisition prison at Valladolid. There he spent five years of meditation before the Inquisitors were able to detect his innocence.

A pleasant story is told of his return. He had been wont every day to resume his previous lecture, beginning with the words: "We

were saying yesterday." When after five years' absence he found himself once more in the chair in that same cavernous class room, without troubling to allude to the interruption he began: "We were saying yesterday . . ."

I was with the usual party of casual tourists that is herded round such places by the porter. They were nondescript Spanish *bourgeois*—for the Spaniards take a pride in seeing their own country—and wandered round with the usual expression of boredom which they were carefully repressing from consciousness, but among them was a young man who had the unmistakable look of understanding what he saw. I was intrigued and guessed at his nationality and business. French I decided, that look being less unusual on French faces than on any others, but presently he spoke to the porter in such fluent Spanish that I decided against it knowing how unwillingly the French learn any language but their own. He must, I decided, be a Spanish intellectual and I was the more intrigued. It would be so interesting to know the characteristics of that variety of the species. I saw at once that he had recognized me as clearly as I had him and faint telegraphic messages passed between us as we were jostled with the herd from lecture room to chapel, and from chapel to library, but I was far too much ashamed of my Spanish to make a move, besides I foresaw that we should meet again. And naturally we did so one evening at a café, and inevitably drifted into conversation, for I had been wrong about his Spanish—of course he was a Frenchman and an *Ecole-normalien* at that, and therefore could learn anything. He was learned as only a Frenchman can be about Spanish architecture. I mean that his knowledge was both wide in range and precise in detail and yet it had not submerged his sensibility. His researches had led him to a state of extreme scepticism about almost all the accepted dates of early Spanish architecture. He would have none of Wamba's Visigothic walls at Toledo: Mudéjar might be of almost any date; and in general he took from me the few pegs on which I had provisionally hung my vague map of the developments of early Spanish art. I passed a delightful evening unlearning the little I thought I knew, and we parted, for he was off to Plasencia early the next morning and wanted me to go with him, but I had already become enamoured of Ciudad Rodrigo on the strength of vague reports, and it was impossible to combine the two.

One might suppose that in Salamanca at least, if only in Salamanca out of all Spain, learning would predominate and for once the Church might take a subordinate place, but that would be to reckon without the Jesuits. If the University was to be for free learning they would counter it with their own special brand and so arose the Jesuit College which, as Baedeker drily remarks, "covers an area of 23,900 square yards." And there it is, a great barrack-like affair and so much the vastest building in the town that everywhere it dominates the view. By its side the discreet little University building might be a mere annexe. Baedeker tells one no more about the Jesuits. He will not take you in to the really rather magnificent Baroque chapel and he gives you no hint that inside the main door there is one of the loveliest cloisters in Spain. For Baedeker it is of the wrong period, being quite late Baroque, almost eighteenth century I daresay, but how lovely with the clean relief of its great disengaged pilasters whose arches each frame a circular opening and below that a rectangular. Something in the ingenuity of the invention and the clear logic of the proportions brings to mind the delicious fantasy of Wren's fountain quadrangle at Hampton Court, only instead of lawn and fountain one great heavily moulded wellhead sits in the middle of the paved rectangle.

But the Jesuits are not the only religious to settle in Salamanca—there is another large college of the "Irish nobles" (*de los nobiles Irlandeses*). Except for the austere beauty of its one cloister the Jesuits' is a grim place, but the Irish nobles have done themselves well. They sit on a hill a little apart from the town and their court is an inviting spacious grassy place enclosed on all sides by a two-storeyed cloister of simple, but very delicate, late Gothic design. Their chapel is of the same date and its architect adopted Hontanon's genial idea of a Gothic interior with dome. I guess it to be a little later than the Cathedral, for the Renaissance forms are more clearly marked and even the mouldings of the arches approximate to Classic forms. Indeed this Church and the very similar, though larger, one of S. Esteban provoke one to wonder why the peculiar and ingenious compromise which Hontanon had hit upon, did not develop to its ultimate logical conclusion. Why, having got so far, no one ever built a classic building with pointed arches. Why they did not try the possibility of keeping the great structural facilities for vaulting of the pointed arch. Per-

haps it was a right aesthetic instinct which made them go back to the circular arch which is no doubt a more agreeable shape and one that it is easier to harmonize with upright and horizontal lines, but I wish it had been tried once. These two churches come so near to that idea and both are such spacious and impressive interiors in spite of their bastard style that one longs to see what they would be without their ungainly admixture of late Gothic detail.

Behind the Cathedral a network of steep narrow lanes begins (one is the Calle del Silencio—nearly as good a name as the "Calle di Vida y Muerte"—the street of life and death). Through these one can thread a way to where the remains of the city wall front the Tormes. It is delightful down here, a few groups of poplars cluster on islets, and sheltering the mill houses and the Roman bridge stretches arch after arch interminably across the clear shallow waters and the wide expanses of shingle to the parched brown and yellow uplands which rise gently from the further bank. It is well to cross the bridge at evening, partly because the setting sun casts long shadows on the shingle and lights the orange stonework of the Cathedral tower; partly because from all the country round there straggle in thousands and thousands of sheep and goats, driven down to the water side to drink and there to spend the night in the dry river bed. The air is loud with the chorus of their innumerable bleatings. Herds of swine too come down and a stray pig will gallopade wildly about with the swineherds after him with long whips, his shrill squeals answering their gruff objurgations. A pleasant and lively place enough if a gusty wind doesn't bring clouds of dust in with the sheep from the bare uplands.

One may stroll up the river bank and recross by the blatant new bridge and so along to the Vega where a little Romanesque cloister lies securely imbedded in a great modern hospital or asylum amid market gardens and vague terrains, and so skirt the edge of the town, where sickly acacia trees are aligned in dust to make a new park, and where little new suburban houses wander aimlessly, the side streets leading nowhere as they do at Ealing or Acton, only here it is so much more definitely nowhere, since one knows that if one went on there would be forty miles of bare land before you got to Medina del Campo, and if you didn't hit that, for God knows how many more.

THE LEHUA TREES

BY PADRAIC COLUM

Not in a grove where each tree loses its presence, not singly do Lehua trees grow; they are Lehua trees only when they grow as I saw them growing in Kapoho, on Hawaii.

Where I had seen them before they were mingled with other trees or they grew singly, a tree here and a tree there, and looking upon them I had marvelled that the poets of Hawaii had emblemized their warriors as Lehua trees.

But in Kapoho, on Hawaii, they stand upon lava rock and on lava crust; some like mighty champions, like Kamehameha, like Umi, stand on high places, upon the mounds and rocks of lava. All stand in ranks as if all the warriors of the Eight Islands stood spear-ready upon that lava waste.

With branches from the ground they grow. From top to bottom the blossoms show themselves—not blossoms, but the precious ornaments that the warrior decks himself with.

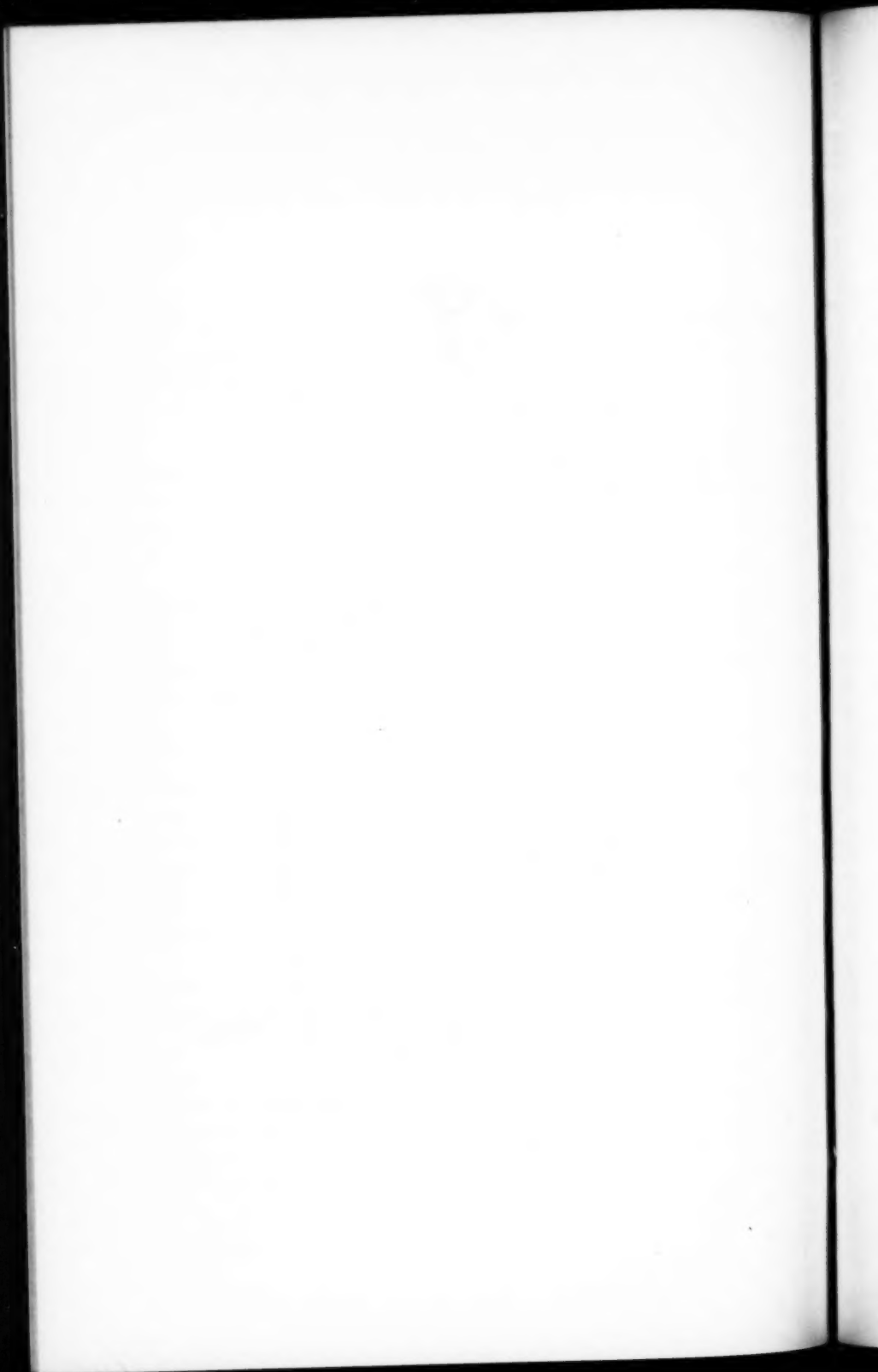
The blossoms show themselves amongst the leaves; they are the scarlet birds, the lost i-i-wi birds of Hawaii come back to hide and to show themselves in the trees beloved of Hiiaka.

They stand upon the lava waste, upon black rocks and amongst black shingles; rank on rank they stand, like warriors erect to watch the red glow of the volcano.

I saw your lava-mounting trees, and I marvelled no more that your poets, Hawaii, had emblemized your warriors as Lehua trees. They have departed, the warriors whom these trees well emblemized. Honey for the birds of heaven, wreaths of red for girls to deck their lovers with, these your Lehua trees bring out of your fire-formed rock, Hawaii.



A LINE SYNCOPATION. BY WILLIAM GROPPER





A LINE SYNCOPATION. BY WILLIAM GROPPER

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RANDOLPH BOURNE

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

BOURNE was the great bearer of moral authority while America was at war. He was our banner man of values in the general collapse. Round him, during those hateful years, there crashed, one after another, the ruins of intellectual directorships. Philosophers, educators, "socialists, college professors, new-republicans, practitioners of literature," the great majority of those who had thought themselves interpreters of the country's effort for larger life, made haste to overturn the values they had once defended. Liberal journals pretended that the war-technique annihilating those values was indeed the expression of them. Everywhere were men rationalizing in diverse fashions their own consentment in the course destined to pervert the better will of the country, to bring Europe to final disaster and America to the brink of demoralization. Bourne stepped without pompousness into the place left vacant by the universal recalcitrancy. Amid the dissolving minds his stood like a rock in the ocean. The external pressures so baleful to the great host of intellectuals succeeded only in kneading his rebellious spirit surer an hundredfold in itself than it had previously been. They summoned it into increased aggressiveness and doggedness; concentrated the whole of this powerful little man in a single resistant ironic point. His fine boy's head, cleared by the discipline of his pragmatist masters, became a powerful dialectical machine. Out of it, amid the shooting fires, there came the high act of the sort from which the other pragmatists and intellectuals to a man recoiled: the formulation, couched in the very terms of the present crisis and expressed with an incisiveness perhaps never excelled by any of his countrymen, of the creative will of American men.

Bourne knew his enemy. He knew with what power among his compatriots he had affair. He could not deceive himself into seeing the American participation in the European war as evil merely, as certain of the pacifists saw it, because it necessitated further carnage of men; no more than he could deceive himself into seeing

that participation, as many of the liberal hopeful compromised intellectuals permitted themselves to perceive it, in the attractive shape of a nice trained doggy who would go fetch the world out the water and deposit it gently in their laps and there let them refashion it at their good pleasure. His sense of reality was deeper. Before the government decided a state of war he had guessed what nigger lay concealed in the woodpile of belligerency. He had done his uttermost to dissuade the new-republicans from letting themselves be used slyly by the Administration as decoys for liberal opinion. He had opposed the repressing, illiberal, reactionary movement, which was sliding the country into the trenches, with a new statement of the democratic ideal of a community of beings each one constituting a religion to himself. In the statement, he had rejected colonialism, bastard Anglo-Saxondom, and the cheap melting-pot American in favour of a transnational America; an America itself a world-federation in miniature possessed of a culture that was "a weaving back and forth, with the other lands, of many threads of all sizes and colors." The weeks which followed on the opening of hostilities merely corroborated his most sinister intuitions. The surge toward education, toward the release of the capacities for more impassioned living which had once thrilled the mind of the nation did not, he knew, express itself through forms as malevolent as those which began to crop up on every side like spearheads sown. The soldiers who tried to lynch Max Eastman proved only too well that "current patriotism was not a product of the will to remake the world." The American house itself was afire.

Behind the war, using the war as an instrument of aggression, was the obscure force which has kept the human being in ignorance and in a condition of servitude through the centuries, periodically recalling him to his bestial past and making him to destroy the capital of self-reliance assembled for him by years of comparative freedom. War was the "health of the state." War was the vitalization of herd attitudes. The mystical form made healthy by war, the *imago* of the father projected onto the cultural group, had always been the instrument whereby the resources of communities had been exploited for the benefit of classes. And the capture of a community by the privileged classes had invariably resulted in the spread, in the interests of privilege, of a universal passive resistance to "the effort of reason and the adventure of beauty." America was

at war, therefore, with its own forces of spiritual release; with whatever outstreaming generous forces the breasts of its people still contained. It thought it was coming to the rescue of liberty; for its leaders said it was going to make the world a safe place. But it was deceived. In going to war, it had itself been captured by the ancient tyrannies of the old world: nationalism, patriotism, militarism, state-mysticism, formulas by means of which the human spirit had been held in an undeveloped, dependent, childish condition, and in the bonds of an animal past.

The dreary war years and the drearier after world of war, a shattered European life and an American harried by frights and intolerances and mob-fanaticisms, were about Bourne in those early weeks as though there were no time. Experience made him clairvoyant. Experience made him discover, under the disguises they wore, the forces which repress and withhold the human spirit from fresh, quick, significant forms of cultural expression; to scent out their presence with the instinct of the animal wary of the beasts that exist by preying on its kind. For he himself, all his short life, had been in mortal conflict with the shrinking dissipating powers of fear and hate and whatever else dissuades the spirit from its trials of strength. He had come into the dead becalmment of American life. And like the others of his group and time he had suffered in dumb blindness year long from the curious inertia of it. The teeming world had been a great parching emptiness around him. The "bright" bustling activity of American civilization did not exist for him. It was merely a kind of thin surface; and underneath the hammering and speeding and quiver of electric wires there lay, still as an Atlantis at the bottom of an oceanic valley, a world hardened in a dull, ugly shape. And, for all the bright commercial expansion, each year seemed to harden it the more. The earth was noisy and broken with meaningless, endless, directionless activity. Iron ribs of buildings were being lifted at a thousand points into the air amid the metallic pecking of the steel-riveter; every year there were hundreds of new factories, skyscrapers, lofts, stores, hotels, garages, flats. The trains and ferries and tunnels leading into Manhattan were thick black every morning with crowds streaming into the city to work; and every night the wave swept back during hours across the Jersey suburbs, and spilt itself in thick-set leagues of houses; and every year there were new hun-

dreds of thousands of young men and women beginning to go to work. Children were sprouting everywhere like grass from topsoil; into New York Bay the immigrant ships were bearing every month their cargos of able bodies; there was a perpetual movement upward of general financial condition, a rising tide of bank deposits, bathtubs, sanitary plumbing, shined shoes, college educations. Nevertheless, strangely, the air was motionless and heavy and stagnant like the air in windless close August nights. No current of wind broke through the glassy calm and set the body breathing. Everything—friends, neighbours, classmates—was curiously pressing life downward into inertia; bearing down toward the mediocre existing form of it; patting the world of good-enough with the vigour of new lives. Every year, new hordes of youth came to fortify it with their blood; to fit themselves willingly into the dull form of it and let it grow mightier through them, and become in turn emblems of it in the forms of sales managers, bank cashiers, smart story writers, insurance brokers, automobile mechanics, advertising wizards; all admirably adjusted to the immoral, untightened thing which existed. There was always a position in some business house drawing like a magnet. And behind that, there was always a neat approved two-family home, and behind that, a neat approved girl of the sort the family would like. There had seemed no way.

More richly almost than any other member of his generation in the land, he had stored within him that principle of growth against which the self-repression of a community, its passive resistance to "the effort of reason and the adventure of beauty" wages a silent incessant war of attrition. Bourne was a cripple; he was the son of unfine, conventional, immobile American society; but the seeds of fineness burned in him, and made him a wedge of crimson into the dun, the timorousness, the cheap self-satisfaction of his community. The whole of him was directed towards development. The first time one saw the man, one saw, perhaps, the crippled frame, the poor twisted ear, and shrank involuntarily from them. They were gone the second time; gone never again to obtrude. Only the long sensitive Gothic face remained; the fine musician's hands with their delightful language; the joyous, youthful, certain dance of the mind. One knew, and women knew it no less positively than did men, that through the appearance of this being a

great vacancy in American life, perhaps never until the moment of Bourne's coming more than partially seen, had been filled. During prep-school days, in college, during the first contacts with mature life one had looked hopefully over many a spotless collar, under many a smart straw hat, been drawn by many a sincerity and purity of spirit, and then invariably stood baffled a little and bewildered; but for what one had groped, and why one had been disappointed, and what it was American life seemed to lack, that one never quite clearly knew till Bourne commenced to move through the world. Only then was there set before one where it could be perceived the fact that what one had been groping for so comically, and what America was poor for the want of, was the young American who desired not things, but high experience, and who was capable of taking the jumbled objects of American civilization and converting them into nutriment for the spirit. For the man, and the thirst for high experience, and love, and art, and impassioned living, and the capacity for converting the raw of life into wisdom and humanity; embodiments of a shadowy dream, were here.

He was the democratic individual in America; the youth of a beautiful, unrealized, ever-imminent plane of existence sprung in a society banked against that plane. He was the young being having need of living from his own centre, finding himself in a land terrorized by the conventions; *bourgeois* conventions giving themselves out for the laws of the universe, and proclaiming themselves from every pulpit and school-platform. In a society full of external and assumed principles, he was the man who produces his own principles from out of himself; and cleaves along a single and unswerving line in all his expressions, not because of external convictions of right and wrong, but because of some powerful and clarified impulsion deep in himself. Part of a civilization of outer frenetic movement and inner rigidity, he wanted from the world not external movement, nor external symbols of power and dominion over the persons of others, but emotion, the beauty of a rich, fecund, mature personality, the growth of the power to receive high aristocratic pleasure from the simplest common stuffs of existence. And from that society, he wanted men and women living from their own centres no differently than he from his: for the reason that their truthfulness to themselves would strengthen his own truthfulness to himself, and reveal his own mind the better to him.

Alongside of himself, he wanted people developing infinite varieties of character, expanding in directions perhaps contrary to his own, for the reason that to such people he could give life, and from them get it in exchange, and through the intercourse grow the larger in himself.

Hence, he had had to suffer long the punishment of hostile indifference and subtle humiliation his environment deals out to rebels such as he. He had had to suffer long from the profoundest loneliness and helplessness; the want of any corroboration of his vague struggling feelings; the want of any insight into his own condition; the want of the immense encouragement which comes from finding a fellow-journeyer. People were afraid of growing and of those who grew. Had but some voice, some book, come at the time and told young Randolph Bourne that his terrible discomfort resulted from the inertia of American civilization, from the resistance of lower-middle-class life to the life of ideas and of spiritual distinction; told him that he suffered because something within him was attempting to start an evolution toward fineness against the weight of society organized for business only, he might not have lost the years of his youth spent in ineffectual groping. He might have found his own way much earlier. But during the nineteen-hundreds, there were no such voices and no such books. There was a thin movement of social uplift. But there was no movement toward spiritual growth; no movement toward a new form of society flowing from the soul. Literature was playing the procurer. Literature was pretending the universal dun was colour of roses; pretending that the stagnation was movement upward into the sunny blue. Literature was content in being mediocre: in being part of the mediocre immobile form. There were no people. There were no individuals in America. The men who were to make that new literature of rebellion and democratic idealism were themselves, like Bourne himself, trying to co-ordinate their faculties in motion. So, the first twenty-three years of Bourne's life went in dazed wandering. The next five or six, better directed though they were, were passed in a half-ignorance of what it was that repressed, and what it was that drove. Bourne felt himself alone at Columbia. He felt himself alone while travelling in Europe as the Gilder Scholar for 1913. It was only during the last four years of his life that he met on the common meeting ground the men who were

trying to go his way, and through them felt himself right and knew what the seed in himself was trying to realize. But Bourne was filled with the Lord Spring. His being had thrust outside the form of existence led around him a sort of lodestone, a sort of star of intenser richer living. And the projected values, vague though they must perforce have been, mere faintly shimmering asteroids, nevertheless had drawn him counter to the current of society and towards the life of wisdom and of art. They had made him go hunt whatever material for growth this world afforded; made him create out of the raw an environment in which the youth and appetite for high adventure stored within him could breathe and come to ever fresher burgeoning. It was difficult for Bourne to make his way unaided to the university; and, at the conclusion of high-schooling he took first the position of secretary to some moneyed drearies; then of musical proof-reader in a pianola-record factory; then of accompanist to a toreador singing-master in Carnegie Studios who euchred him of his pay. And still, in his twenty-third year, he reached Columbia, and used Columbia. He became perhaps the most distinguished of all John Dewey's pupils. In learning to write, he developed a technique of expressing past experience and present desire in combination, thus at once making room in himself for deeper experience and greater desire, and forcing the world to sustain him in his unconventional manner of living. His first book, a defence of his own budding principle called *Youth and Life*, was published while he was still a junior. His poor body notwithstanding, he found his way to the places where gardens grow about women. With his inappeasable appetite for the personal, he found his way to young women and men in Columbia, in Greenwich Village, in the offices of magazines and advertising companies, who were being thrust forward much as he; some of them queer people enough: beautiful hysterical girls, half-poets, founders of ideal communities, composers who composed in obsolete styles, old children, helpless radicals; almost abortive efforts of life to maintain itself on a more spiritual plane who, nevertheless, were far more generously human than the folk better adjusted to the American scene. And from them he learned, too. Through them, he came to feel his own enthusiasms and ideals more intensely. Like "Mon Amie," the girl with whom he used to go walking during his months in Paris, they all brought him, to some

degree, a greater sense of the loveliness of "luminous understanding, personal verve, light of expression, the feeling of ideas and the thinking of emotions, deathless loyalty which betrays only at the clutch of some deeper loyalty." They all brought him himself.

In the last years given him he was touching life at a multitude of points. By virtue of the talisman he bore in him, he seemed to find his way with ease to the movements which, dissimilar though they seemed to be, nevertheless were each to some extent moved by the principle active in himself. He discovered new educational experiments; new pathfindings in philosophy and literature; new flights in politics and musical art. To the problems of each field he seemed to bring the whole sum of his former experience, his deep intuition and sure sense of fact, sharp comprehension, quick imaginativeness, and pleasure in the sensuous. And through this liberal delivery, the reports of his discoveries, whether they assumed the shape of a description of the schools in Gary or of a review of a novel, of a whimsical account of friends, children, teachers, or a serious discussion of the future of American culture, became, almost always, experiments in themselves, new theories of facts, new keen images of reality. Bourne could speak with equal sureness, humanity, lightness on a dozen different topics; and his talk itself, like his book-reviewing, was a sort of adventure. Through each subject, Bourne seemed to touch the living, fluid principle; even politics became life when he tossed it on his mobile hands. One miniature but nevertheless perfectly authentic *salon*, at the very least, was started about his person; and persisted, in New York itself, while he was there to talk brilliantly and provoke good talk with his sharp ironical mind. It languished only with his death.

Just as he could enter the gates of a dozen distinct media of expression, so too, he seemed to be able to express himself with perfect ease through several of them. Very few of his friends did not have the delight of coming in on him some morning, and hearing him, his language precise with wisdom and delicate irony, talk off some article, some of his priceless replies to Dewey, some one of his finest bits of logic, even while he was engaged in the seemingly effortless act of composition; and then seeing him step over to his upright piano and begin playing Bach or Ravel or Scriabine. Bourne could, how quietly! charm a dinner table, from his chair where he throned like a little pope, with his brilliant political

speculation; and then going to the keyboard continue offering in a different medium, and through his broad palms and flexible wrists, the entertainment begun by his ratiocinations.

Towards the very close of his short hey-day, each of the many manifestations of life seemed to provide him with a subject for aristocratic pleasures. Not even his long depression over the war, or the doors which were slammed in his face because of his stand on American participation, or the cowardice of some of his radical collaborators, or other and more personal vexations, could dull the enjoyment. Life was a feast which began with breakfast and the latest broadsides of journalistic self-delivery. It was a feast which continued well into the night, so long as but a human being was near. Even while he went about carrying all the woes of all the friends being shipped off to army camps, and was being watched as a suspicious person because he and two ladies had taken a walking trip along the shore of Buzzard's Bay in the midst of a submarine scare, he could still laugh at the muckers of the New York Tribune with their "Who's Who in Traitors," no less than at the organs of liberal opinion with their "symposiums of eloquent idealism, their appealing harbingers of a cosmically efficacious and well-bred war." He had the rare gift of being able to pick up a newspaper or weekly and open it directly to the spot where the most naïve and absurd line of the issue was to be found. Breakfast was scarcely begun before Bourne had found at least one line to make the day go brightly. He even enjoyed himself, poor devil, as he lay a-choking to death and unable to inhale the oxygen conducted to his mouth. An eggnog was brought to him at his mumbled request; and as soon as he saw the saffron liquid, he began exclaiming with pleasure over its gorgeous hue. It was in keeping with his career that his last uttered syllables should register a delight of the eye.

From out this life, the broad flaunt of humanist colours in the crisis of war grew like fruit from roots and trunk and branch. In intercourse, in literature, Bourne had long been bearing witness to the glory of the life of wisdom. And still, so clarified was his vision of human values in the collapse of April, so male the power, so sure the means of expressing them, that sometimes the man of The Seven Arts essays seems a being apart from the author of Youth and Life, and Education and Living; even from parts of

The History of a Literary Radical. The steps taken before the moment when Bourne became spokesman of moral authority were taken on the ground. Those taken from the hour when America went to war sound from the high bridge where men of stature march. There were only three or four; and then the reverberations ceased. But we know the clang of the stride; and from whence such clangours carry. A man of power had suddenly been co-ordinated in powerful complete release. The rhythm of The Seven Arts essays is freer, stronger, lighter by far than that underlying anything previously written by Bourne. Vanished is every trace of the gingerly Atlantic Monthly style, with its mincingness of persons perpetually afear of stepping on eggs, vestiges of which still weave through Youth and Life. Vanished is the somewhat thin and colourless, if serviceable style, of The New Republic essays. A spirit has come out of America and stood in the place held at other times by the great humanists. Shod with irony and gay satiric laughter, humble weapons of those who combat with the intellect the beef of humanity, the sappy protagonist youth once again breathes, over a locked and chaotic and mechanized humanity, the sense of the scope and the possibility of life. This is no longer a "Defense of Irony." The soul has entered into iron indeed. It has taken the language of its opponents, their solemn phrases, their mouthings of democracy and liberty and conscience and love, and, tilting them just a little out of plumb, shown in what manner these words conceal from their users their own conduct. In these bright sentences, lyrical with lucid thought, there shine like a rising sun the forces of spiritual release, widening the horizon so piteously shrunken by the war-morale, and filling it again with colours and blooms and significances.

Passion accepted the challenge. Passion gave it back again. Passion for liberty said "No"; said it louder and more angrily than it had said it before the challenge came. All along the line, "Yes" was hastily being substituted for "No." Softly, subtly, insinuatingly, the crisis was stepping up to men, and asking them whether they could not reconsider their language, now that the stream was coursing contrary to them. And the majority of them changed, noble freemen! and for the best of reasons, of course. It was all like William James and the Philippine business. It was wrong to annex the islands before they were actually annexed. But

once they were taken, then, for some reason, it did not seem so wrong a thing at all. For, the "Yes" of America to the democratic ideal, to liberty of individual development, to freedom from ancient tyrannies, in the most of cases, had never been given from the centre of the being. It had been an assent given to something for the reason that this something existed, or seemed to exist, or seemed destined to exist. And now, since the stream commenced flowing away from this thing; since militarism, nationalism, patriotism, state mysticism, were coming to stand in its place, assent to the successor came quite as readily. No principles stood like steel girders in a conflagration. But in a few noble men and women, the crisis encountered a resistant force; in one man, at the very least, a force so intense that, like Greek fire, it flamed the fiercer for the water hurled upon it. In Bourne it came upon a passionate love of the image of freedom. It came upon a being given up entirely in passion for freedom for growth for himself and other people; in desire for free play to all the world, the five continents and seven seas, to expand human nature in numberless and even conflicting directions. It came in Bourne upon one Anglo-Saxon American, at least, who was not as yet ready to renounce the Englishman's heritage of liberty; an Anglo-Saxon American in whom there still burnt high the faith in the variations of character through self-reliance and perfection by standards voluntarily assumed that had once made the rebellions against the authority of Archbishop Laud and against the Divine Right of King George III. This passion so "nineteenth-century," as Bourne himself used ruefully to say, would not drop its arms since the battle was commencing to go against it, and fall to dreaming of an international congress of young radicals to follow upon the war when the liberal forces were going down in defeat. It was aggressive, being intense; summoned itself to ever greater effort since the house was afire at all corners. It defended, it glorified, it tried to summon men back to their allegiance to its object. In the midst of the *mêlée*, like the passion of a great European contemporary, it asserted in proud faithfulness, its ideal. The war had brought into play another of these beings who in defending their cause defended that of every man.

The age-old desire for the release of the capacities for impassioned living pent in the human frame, which spoke through Ran-

dolph Bourne during the war-time, was never caught by him and held in the shape of a formal statement of the democratic ideal. He died six weeks after the armistice; and throughout the greater part of the bitter months he was midmost, and not above the battle. It was only after *The Seven Arts* perished that Bourne, cut off from every channel of publicity, gave up his attempt to bring influence to bear on current events; and, going to work in the field of theory, made his deadly wonderful analysis of the State. Hence, most of his fighting was done on the practical level. The articles contributed by him to *The Seven Arts* were, for the most part, defences of what remained of the democratic machinery thrown up at single points of the fray. They were attempts made to save what remained of the democratic attitude through sharp pitiless analyses of the situation created by the failure of the intellectuals and of the administration to control the ruin-bringing war-technique. Through these brilliant sardonic pictures, Bourne was trying to call to their colours the forces which had once made for democracy; to rouse the intellectuals from the herd-attitudes into which they had collapsed; to try and re-channel the interest of the country into a national educational service from which the herd's need of a military victory had debouched it. *The War and the Intellectuals* was a call for mind; rejection of the pragmatist intellectuals with whom Bourne had previously been associated, for their failure to create a programme for America; demand for intellectuals, who could hold the authorities to a war, "gallantly played, with insistent care for democratic values at home, and unequivocal alliance with democratic elements abroad for a peace that shall promise more than a mere union of benevolent imperialisms." *Twilight of Idols* formulated Bourne's reasons for discarding pragmatism and all philosophy of intelligent control which does not begin with values and ideals—in time of stress permitting values to be subordinated to pure technique. Below the Battle was the description of the spiritual state of a friend of Bourne's, a young violinist drafted for military service. Through the texture, there runs, it is true, like the red thread through the rope-work of the British fleet, the glorification of the allure of "fresh and true ideas, free speculation, artistic vigour, cultural styles, intelligence suffused by feeling and feeling given fibre and outline by intelligence"; lodestars which draw the individual onward to completion. It is true that

all through the writing, we are shown as on a stage, the combat of two forces existing in the world to-day, the one making for the democratic community of free men, the other making against it. The free, self-reliant, self-determined individual is set over against the herd-individual, subject to the herd authorities and orthodoxies, and hemmed round with principles which are worthless in moments of crisis for the reason that they are external. The life of art and wisdom is opposed to the life of domination over the persons of others. The clear feeling and seeing which flows from life lived from the centre within, is opposed to the muddled feeling and thinking of men who have never dared trust their intuitions and live their passions out; the intellect which does not dread suspense and is not drugged with fatigue, to that which is in haste to crystallize, to find its little theory of the universe and then disregard whatever will not fit into it. Yet, what the specific ideal of life for which the author is fighting is, we are not explicitly told. Bourne had no time.

Nevertheless, not anything written by any of the new Americans makes more real than do these fighting papers, the sense of the democratic community of people, developed by standards voluntarily assumed and perfected by completest self-reliance, towards which the best minds among those who built the country have moved. The rhythm of these writings brings it again, the sense of men free of the orthodoxies and authorities of state and church, of privilege and radicalism alike; brings it as the breeze in May transports, elusively and yet unmistakably, the breath of unfolding landscapes. It flutters from every dancing line as the rag of a standard tied to a pikehead might flutter in a battle; unnoticed perhaps of the wielder of the weapon, but flaunted by every motion of the staff. It is not a man alone that is speaking. Rather, it is a plane of being demonstrating itself through the substance of words. The light of reason seems to flow from out a beautiful unrealized world, and to make that hidden sphere more real and visible by its tremulous presence; what is expressed here calls to fresher life desire for that city of the soul wherever the desire is latent. What is expressed seems to build a brave high place of stately colonnades and to extend wide and sunshot spaces around us here in the grim jumble of hard lines and shrieking metal and sombre driven hordes. For, it gives joyous sanction to all in man which moves toward

freedom from ancient shackling tyrannies; it calls forth in beauty what the established order beats down and attends with pain. For it gives it high right not merely through an emotional appeal, but through coldest, clearest logic. It hails it health and sanity and wisdom through proof that the life of art and wisdom is the most practical of lives in a strictly practical world; that "interest in creatively enhancing personal and artistic life, interest in the creation of cultural values"; makes for greater sureness of observation and clarity of vision than interest devoted entirely to the problem of material increase. For Bourne was a man interested in more impassioned living for himself and others, a man who lived through art, a man disgusted with the continual frustrations and aridities of American life, apologist and exponent both of self-reliant humanity; and Bourne was right about the war; right from the first. This philosophical temperament was not one of those who, like the greater number of our practical young political thinkers, had to wait for Versailles to know that we were "like brave passengers who had set out for the Isles of the Blest only to find that the first mate had gone insane and jumped overboard, the rudder come loose and dropped to the bottom of the sea, and the captain and pilot were lying dead drunk under the wheel." The Collapse of American Strategy, written directly after the President's call for "Force, Force to the uttermost," gave warning that the dead weight of the war-technique was carrying the country entirely away from the purpose for which the war-technique allegedly was being employed; gave warning we were "a rudderless nation, to be exploited as the Allies wished, politically and materially, and towed, to their aggrandizement, in any direction they might desire"; and showed Woodrow Wilson well on the road which led to his eventual miserable failure. And Bourne became righter with every hour. Like a gigantic shadow thrown upon a wall behind the chunky little cripple, the war corroborated him at every point, and gave truth to his words scarcely after they were uttered. It is difficult to believe to-day he was writing in the summer of 1917, and not of 1920 or 1921, so accurate were his prophecies. The heresies of yesterday are become the bromides of to-day.

They were rapidly becoming banalities before Bourne died. Nevertheless, he failed of his immediate objective. He was not interested in being right for the mere pleasure of being right, but in

rescuing his freeman's heritage and the democratic future from the hands of the mob. And the politicians, the unprincipled people, the yes-and-no people, carried the day. Probably, Woodrow Wilson never heard of his foremost critic. If any one of his advisors had his attention drawn to certain articles published in an obscure highbrow review in New York, he probably came swiftly, in the manner of the war-mind, to the conclusion that Bourne's name was really "Rudolph Braun" or perhaps "Randdorff Boerne." The public of action in America does not take heed of what the public of theory is saying, particularly when the public of theory happens to be truly theoretical and consequently truly practical. So 1776 finally receded to 1917. Liberty became universal compulsory service in defence of republican monarchy. Democracy became pressure downward and backward; the ancient herd-attitudes; forceful suppression of minorities; compulsion of thought; betrayal of the liberal elements in Europe; a league of capitalistic imperialisms; starvation of millions of people in the east of Europe; the decay of Occidental civilization; the capture of American institutions by a fascistic mob. And 1917 receded to 1923. Bourne only saw the commencement of the fulfilment of his bitter prophecies. Even in the December of 1917, in the midst of the black death, the fearful reactionary current was only swollen to half the size it has since gained. There was still more of a will to the change of spirit and of organization throughout the country then, than there is at present. There was still more of a fund of good-will and courageous thought in circulation. But since, the forces which have kept the human being in ignorance and in a condition of servitude have waxed fat on the energies of men. Every obscurantism has taken courage. Every inertia has felt itself justified. They can do anything they wish with us. We are become like a herd of cows.

And yet, Bourne snatched a victory from the very maw of defeat. He is more visible to us to-day than he was while he was alive. He seems to have left behind him some immortal part that walks about the earth much as he used himself to walk. At innumerable corners of life we seem to glimpse advancing toward us the quaint little figure in its long black cloak. When he died, we knew that perhaps the strongest mind of the entire younger generation in America had gone. But in the few years that have elapsed since that December day, Bourne's figure has grown to a far greater stature.

To-day, already, we know him for one of the rarest, freest, sweetest spirits that have ever come out of this land. We see the size of him plainly in the bitter moments in which we realize how vacant the scene has become since he quit it. There is so grey a death in the many fields to which he brought the light of his own clear nature! He was a humanist; and the men left us are sociologists, political thinkers, professors, and critics. We see the size of him, too, in happier moments; in some of those flashes in which, with a far surmise, we know what it is to be a free spirit; what it is to live for an idea, to "write in favor of that which the great interests of the world are against," to work toward "the enhancement of personal and artistic life and the creation of cultural values." For he was the artist-fighter in the drab American streets. It is certain, then, that his figure will stretch as the years go by, and become ever more generally visible. His fame and future are with the cycles of life.

For despite the mediocre world which would not heed him, he remained true to the spirit in him. He succeeded thoroughly in expressing to his time the far community of which he was a member. In his person, therefore, he has lent the world another image, another symbol and banner whereby the unborn thing which filled him, wherever and in whomsoever it grows, can come to greater consciousness, and therefore greater courage of itself, and be pressed onward toward birth. And, some day, the spring will come again to men.

TWO POEMS

BY AMY LOWELL

SULTRY

To those who can see them, there are eyes:
Leopard eyes of marigolds crouching above red earth,
Bulging eyes of fruits and rubies in the heavily-hanging trees,
Broken eyes of queasy cupids staring from the gloom of myrtles.
I came here for solitude
And I am plucked at by a host of eyes.

A peacock spreads his tail on the balustrade
And every eye is a mood of green malice,
A challenge and a fear.
A hornet flashes above geraniums,
Spying upon me in a trick of cunning.
And Hermes,
Hermes the implacable,
Points at me with a fractured arm.

Vengeful god of smooth, imperishable loveliness,
You are more savage than the goat-legged Pan,
Than the crocodile of carven yew-wood.
Fisherman of men's eyes,
You catch them on a three-pronged spear:
Your youth, your manhood,
The reticence of your everlasting revelation.
I too am become a cunning eye
Seeking you past your time-gnawed surface,
Seeking you back to hyacinths upon a dropping hill,
Where legend drowns in a glaze of sea.

Yours are the eyes of a bull and a panther,
For all that they are chiseled out and the sockets empty.
You—perfectly imperfect,

TWO POEMS

Clothed in a garden,
In innumerable gardens,
Borrowing the eyes of fruits and flowers—
And mine also, cold, impossible god,
So that I stare back at myself
And see myself with loathing.

A quince-tree flings a crooked shadow—
My shadow, tortured out of semblance,
Bewildered in quince boughs.
His shadow is clear as a scissored silhouette.
Heat twinkles and the eyes glare.
And I, of the mingled shadow,
I glare
And see nothing.

TIME'S ACRE

Beat, beat, with your soft, grey feet,
Tear at the cold, rough stone.
His grave is here, but it's many a year
Since the grass on it was mown.

His ears are crumbled to bitter dust,
His eyes are a hollow bone.
Your twisting hair is bright and fair,
But he is under a stone.

Go back again to your own wide tomb,
Leave him in peace within
His grave that is narrow and shallow and small,
There is no room for two between either wall,
And the walls are caving in.

There are nests of worms in the underground,
And the grass-roots wind across,
Like a counterpane to keep out the rain
Is the green-eyed, clutching moss.

Go back to your tomb a mile away,
Go back through the still bronze door.
The arms which are carven upon its front
Are there as they were before.

No trace of escutcheon is on this stone,
And burdocks have pushed it awry,
And the flowers on tiptoe out of his mouth
Are staring into the sky.

Over his grave is a moan of wind,
And hemlock-trees bow down,
And a hemlock cone lies on the stone
Stained with smoke from the town.

What have you to do in this dismal place
By a dingy, broken stone?
He has no hands and he has no face,
And bone cannot wed with bone.

You took his flesh and you took his heart,
But his bones are his own to keep.
Knuckle and straight, he has them all
Down in the gravel deep.

Perhaps he laughs with his hard grey mouth,
Perhaps he shouts with glee,
And cuddles his bones up one by one,
And wishes that you could see.

Perhaps he plays jackstones with his bones,
And bets how long you will stay.
He knows all about those bright bronze doors
Waiting a mile away.

For you in the flesh teased him in the flesh
And would not let him be,
Till you teased him out of his flesh for good
And into Eternity.

TWO POEMS

But what is fire to a living man
Is nothing at all to a bone.
He lies at ease in the cold and the mould,
And he lies at ease alone.

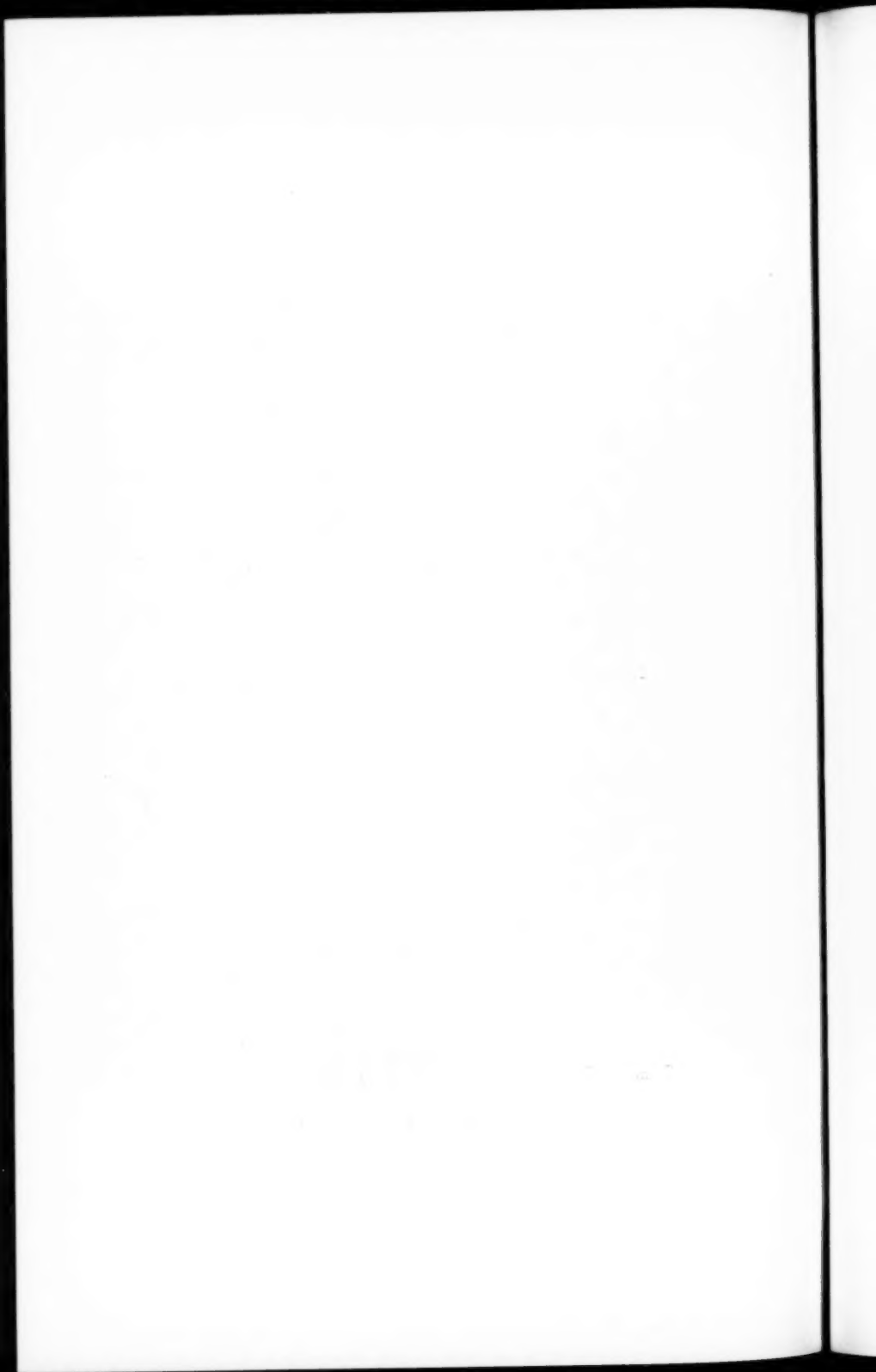
He will be part of the earth in time,
You will be only dust,
And your carven door will be nothing more
Than a heap of eating rust.

So much for your azure fleur-de-lis,
And your cross in a chevron d'or.
He will be lilies in a morning breeze
At the foot of a sycamore.

The world goes round, and the world goes round,
And who knows what may come out of the ground
When a man is planted under a mound.



THE GREY BOA. BY MARIE VAN VORST





LONDON PRIDE. BY MARIE VAN VORST

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THE FATE OF THE BARON VON LEISENBOHG

BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated from the German by Kenneth Burke

IT was a warm evening in May when Kläre Heil reappeared for the first time as Queen of the Night. The circumstance which had kept the singer away from the opera for almost two months was a matter of common knowledge. Prince Richard Bedenbruck had been injured in a fall from his horse on the fifteenth of March, and after an illness of a few hours—during which time Kläre had never left his side—had died in her arms. Kläre's anguish had been so intense that at first they feared for her life, later for her mind, and until recently, for her voice. This last fear proved to be quite as unfounded as the other two. As she came before the public she received a friendly and expectant greeting; but after the first great *aria* her more intimate friends could accept the felicitations of her more distant acquaintances. In the fourth gallery the childish red face of little Fräulein Fanny Ringeiser beamed with happiness, and the *habitués* of the upper rows smiled to their comrade sympathetically. They all knew that Fanny, although she was nothing more than the daughter of a *Mariahilf* haberdasher, belonged to the popular prima donna's closer circle, that she had frequently been invited to her house for tea, and had secretly been in love with the dead Prince. Between acts Fanny explained to her friends that Kläre had got the idea from the Baron von Leisenbohg of selecting the Queen of the Night for her first appearance, feeling that the dark costume would correspond most closely to her mood.

As to the Baron, he took his orchestra seat—first row centre, on the aisle as usual—and acknowledged the greetings of his acquaintances with an amiable but almost painful smile. To-day various memories were running through his head. He had met Kläre about eight years ago. At that time he was providing for the artistic education of a slender young lady with red hair and was attending an evening performance at the Eisenstein Singing School where his

protégée as Mignon was making her first public appearance. The same evening he saw and heard Kläre, who sang Philine in the same scene. He was then twenty-five years old, unattached, and godless. He simply forgot about Mignon, obtained an introduction through Frau Natalie Eisenstein to Philine, and declared to her that his heart, his influence, and his position were at her service. At that time Kläre was living with her mother, the widow of a higher postal official; and she was in love with a young medical student with whom she frequently drank tea and chatted in his room in the Alservorstadt. She was deaf to the Baron's stormy courtship, but with her disposition softened by Leisenbohg's attentions she became the mistress of the student. The Baron, to whom she made no secret of this fact, returned to his auburn protégée, but kept up his acquaintanceship with Kläre. On every holiday that furnished the slightest opportunity he sent her flowers and bon-bons, and he would pay an occasional formal call at the house of the postal official's widow.

In the fall Kläre took up her first engagement in Detmold. The Baron von Leisenbohg—at that time still an official in the ministry—used his first Christmas holidays to visit Kläre at her new place of residence. He knew that the student had become a doctor and had married in September, and he took hope. But Kläre, upright as ever, informed the Baron immediately after their meeting that in the meanwhile she had entered on tender relations with the tenor of the Hoftheater, with the result that Leisenbohg could take away no other memories of Detmold than a platonic stroll through the city park and a supper in the theatre restaurant in company with several colleagues of both sexes. Nevertheless he repeated his trip to Detmold several times, rejoiced in his aesthetic concern for Kläre's considerable progress, and, further, hoped for the next season, for which the tenor was already contracted in Hamburg. But this year he was again disappointed, since Kläre had felt herself obliged to grant the petitions of a wholesale merchant of Dutch descent, by the name of Louis Verhagen.

When, in her third season, Kläre was called to a place in the Dresden Hoftheater, in spite of his youth the Baron threw over a very promising political career and moved to Dresden. Now he spent each evening with Kläre and her mother, who had acquired a

perfectly lovely innocence in all matters concerning her daughter . . . and he took new hope. But unfortunately the Dutchman had the unpleasant habit of announcing in every letter that he would arrive the next day, assuring his mistress that she was surrounded by an army of spies, and incidentally threatening her with the most painful forms of death in the event of her being unfaithful to him. But as he never did come, and Kläre began falling gradually into a state of extreme nervousness, Leisenbohg resolved to end the matter at all costs, and left Detmold to carry on his transactions in person. To his astonishment the Dutchman declared that he had sent these threatening love-letters to her purely out of gallantry, and that as a matter of fact nothing would be more agreeable to him than to be freed of all further responsibility. Elated, Leisenbohg came back to Dresden and told Kläre of the pleasant outcome of the interview. She thanked him cordially, but the first thrust at further tenderness was parried with an abruptness which took the Baron by surprise. After a few brief and searching questions she finally confessed to him that during his absence no less than Prince Kajetan himself had conceived a violent passion for her and had sworn to do himself some harm if he was not heard. It was only natural that she had ultimately been forced to give in, so as to avoid throwing the reigning house and the country at large into unspeakable misery.

With a reasonably broken heart Leisenbohg left the city and returned to Vienna. Here he began using his influence, and his continuous efforts were responsible to no small degree for the offer which Kläre received to sing in opera in Vienna the next year. After a very successful appearance as guest star she began her engagement in October, and the splendid flowers from the Baron she found in her dressing-room on the evening of her first appearance, seemed to express both supplication and hope. But the kind protector who waited for her in agitation following the performance was to learn that once more he had come too late. The blond rehearsal director—who was also of no small importance as a song writer—with whom she had been studying these last weeks had been granted privileges by her which she could not have infringed upon for anything in the world.

Since then seven years had passed. The director was followed by Herr Klemens von Rhodewyl, the dashing gentleman rider;

Herr von Rhodewyl by the bandmaster Vincenz Klaudi, who frequently joined so loudly in the operas he conducted that one could not hear the singers; the bandmaster by Count von Alban-Rattony, a man who had gambled away his Hungarian estate at cards and later won back a castle in lower Austria; the Count by Herr Edgar Wilhelm, author of ballet-texts, which he paid handsome prices to have set to music, of tragedies for which he hired the Jantschtheater to produce, and of poems which he had printed in the most beautiful type, in the stupidest, most select paper of the capital; Herr Edgar Wilhelm was followed by a gentleman named Amandus Meier, who was nothing except nineteen years old and very pretty, and who had nothing but a fox-terrier that could stand on its head; and after Herr Meier came the most elegant man of the monarchy, Prince Richard Bedenbruck.

Kläre had never treated her affairs as a secret. At all times she kept a simple *bourgeois* house, except that every once in a while there was a change of masters. She was unusually favoured by the public. Higher circles were pleased that she went to mass every Sunday, confessed twice a month, wore on her bosom as an amulet a picture of the Madonna blessed by the Pope, and never went to bed without saying her prayers. There was seldom a charity bazaar in which she was not one of the saleswomen; and ladies of the aristocracy as well as those of the Jewish financial circles were delighted if they could offer their wares in the same booth with Kläre. She always had a winning smile for those youthful enthusiasts who hovered about the stage door. The flowers which were lavished upon her she distributed among this patient throng; and once when the flowers had been left behind in her dressing-room she said in the snappy Viennese which suited her so well, "My soul if I haven't left the salad up there in my room. Come around to-morrow afternoon, kids, if you want to come in on it." Then she got into her cab, stuck her head out of the window, and shouted, "There's a coffee in it, too."

Fanny Ringeiser had belonged to the few who found the courage to accept this invitation. Kläre dropped into a light conversation with her, asked as affably as an arch-duchess about her family relations, and was so taken in by the chatter of this fresh and vigorous girl that she pressed her to come back again soon. Fanny accepted

her offer, and soon succeeded in winning a respected place in the house of the artist; and she maintained this position by keeping her distance in spite of Kläre's freedom with her. In the course of years Fanny received any number of proposals, mostly from among young sons of manufacturers in the *Mariahilf* section, with whom she usually danced at balls. But she refused them all, since with unswerving regularity she persisted in falling in love with whoever was Kläre's lover at the time.

For over three years Kläre had been true to Prince *Bedenbruck*, but with a deeper passion than she had loved his predecessors; and although *Leisenbohg* had never quite abandoned hope in spite of all his disappointments, he began seriously wondering whether the happiness he had longed for for ten years would never bloom. Always, when he saw someone beginning to slip out of favour, he would take leave of his other darling in order to be prepared at any moment and for all contingencies. He had done the same after the sudden death of Prince *Richard*; but for the first time it was more through habit than conviction. For Kläre's pain seemed so immoderate, that it was everyone's opinion she would shut herself off now for all time from the joys of this life. Every day she rode out to the cemetery and laid flowers on the grave of the departed. She lost all interest in bright-coloured clothing, and locked up her jewellery in the most out-of-the-way corner of her writing-desk. It required earnest pleading to dissuade her from leaving the stage for ever.

After her first reappearance, which had come off so brilliantly, her external life, at least, took its usual course. The former circle of more removed friends reassembled. The musical critic *Bernhard Feuerstein* appeared, with either spinach or tomato spots on his vest according to yesterday's bill of fare, and grumbled—much to Kläre's undisguised delight—over colleagues, male and female, and director. As to *Lucius* and *Christian*, the two cousins of Prince *Richard* from the other line of *Bedenbrucks*, she suffered herself to be courted as formerly in the most uncompromising and respectable style. A gentleman of the French embassy and a young Bohemian virtuoso at the piano were introduced to her, and on the tenth of June she went to the races again for the first time. But as Prince *Lucius*, who had a turn for poetry, expressed it, only her mind was awake; her heart was still sunk in slumber. Yes, if one of her

younger or elder friends ventured the slightest hint that there was anything like tenderness or passion in the world, the last trace of a smile vanished from her face, she stared dully before her, and occasionally she would lift her hand as though to ward off something, a gesture which seemed to apply to all men, and for all time.

Then it happened in the latter half of June that a singer from the north by the name of Sigurd Olse sang *Tristan*. His voice was clear and powerful, if not especially noble; he was of an almost superhumanly large build, and with a certain inclination to fullness; at times when in repose his face would be quite without distinction, but as soon as he began singing his steel-grey eyes would light up with a mysterious inner fire, and with his voice and his glance he seemed to sweep all away with him—especially women.

Kläre sat with her unoccupied colleagues in the company's box. She alone seemed to remain unmoved. The next morning Sigurd Olse was introduced to her in the director's office. She spoke a few friendly, but almost cool words to him about yesterday's performance. The same afternoon he paid her a visit, without waiting to be invited. Baron Leisenbohg and Fanny Ringeiser were present. Sigurd drank tea with them. He told of his parents, who lived in a little Norwegian fishing village; he told of the remarkable discovery of his talent by a travelling Englishman who had landed in a white yacht in a remote fjord; he told of his wife, an Italian, who had died on the Atlantic Ocean during their honeymoon and had been lowered into the sea. After he had left, the others remained for a long time plunged in silence. Fanny was examining with great care her empty tea-cup; Kläre had sat down at the piano and was resting her arms on the closed cover; the Baron was silently and anxiously immersed in the problem of why, during the account of Sigurd's wedding trip, Kläre had neglected that peculiar gesture with which since the death of the Prince she had brushed aside all hints of some further passionate or tender relations on this earth.

As further starring parts Sigurd sang *Siegfried* and *Lohengrin*. Each time Kläre sat unmoved in her box. But the singer, who associated with hardly any one but the Norwegian ambassador, appeared every afternoon at Kläre's, seldom failing to meet Fräulein Fanny Ringeiser there, and never failing to meet the Baron.

On the twenty-seventh of June as Tristan he made his last appearance. Kläre sat unmoved in the company's box. The following morning she drove with Fanny to the cemetery and laid an enormous wreath on the Prince's grave. The same evening she gave a party in honour of the singer, who was to leave Vienna the day after.

The circle of friends was completely assembled. Everyone was aware of the passion which Sigurd had conceived for Kläre. As usual, he spoke quite volubly and with agitation. Among other things he told how during his voyage here on the ship an Arabian woman married to a Russian grand-duke had prophesied from the lines of his hands that he was soon to go through the most fatal period of his life. He trusted wholly in this prophecy, and superstition seemed with him to be something deeper than a mere method of making himself interesting. He also spoke of the generally well-known fact that last year, immediately after his landing in New York where he was to fill an engagement as visiting star, on that very day, yes, on that very hour, although he had to pay a severe penalty, he had taken another ship back to Europe; and all this simply because on the wharf a black cat had run between his legs. He certainly had every reason to believe in such secret relationships between incomprehensible signs and the fate of man. One evening at Covent Garden in London, before going on the stage he had neglected to murmur a certain little charm handed down by his grandmother . . . and his voice had suddenly failed him. One night in a dream a winged angel had appeared before him in rose-coloured tights, announcing to him the death of his favourite barber . . . and sure enough, the next morning it was discovered that this poor devil had hanged himself. Further, he always carried with him a short but very significant letter which had been given to him in a spiritualist séance in Brussels by the spirit of the dead singer Cornelia Lujan; it contained in fluent Portuguese the prediction that he was destined to become the greatest singer of the old and the new world. He told all these things to-day; and as the spirit-letter, written on rose-coloured paper of the house of Glienwood, was passed from hand to hand, an undercurrent passed through the entire room. But Kläre herself scarcely altered her expression, and merely nodded her head indifferently now and then. Nevertheless Leisenbohg's unrest attained a high intensity. To his

sharpened eye the signs of approaching danger became clearer. To begin, Sigurd, like all of Kläre's previous lovers, had formed a pronounced attachment to him during supper, had invited him to his place on the fjord at Molde, and finally brought in the "I say, old fellow!" and the "Listen, old boy!" In addition, Fanny Ringeiser would tremble all over whenever Sigurd addressed a word to her, she would become alternately white and red when he looked at her with his large steel-grey eyes, and when he spoke of his imminent departure she began crying softly. But even now Kläre remained calm and serious. She scarcely returned Sigurd's singeing glances, she spoke with no more vivacity to him than to the others; and when he finally kissed her hand and looked upon her with eyes which seemed to beg, to promise, to despair, her own remained clouded and her features unmoved. Leisenbohg observed all this with distrust and anxiety. But when the evening was over and everyone was going, the Baron experienced something unexpected. He was last to reach Kläre's hand at parting; but when, like the others, he was about to go on, she held his hand tightly and whispered to him, "Come back again." He wondered if he had not heard right. But she pressed his hand again, and with her lips almost to his ear she repeated, "Come back again; I shall expect you in an hour."

Almost in a swoon, he went along with the others. With Fanny he accompanied Sigurd to the hotel, and as if from a great distance listened to his ravings about Kläre. Then he led Fanny Ringeiser through the quiet streets in the soft coolness of the night to Maria-hilf, and from behind a cloud he saw the stupid tears roll down across her red, childish cheeks. Then he took a cab back to Kläre's. He saw a light glimmering through the curtains of her bedroom; he saw her shadow glide by; her head appeared at the edge of the curtain and nodded to him. He had not dreamed that she was waiting for him.

The next morning Baron von Leisenbohg went for a ride in the Prater. He felt happy and young. It seemed to him that some deeper meaning lay in this belated fulfilment of his yearning. His experiences of last night had been the most marvellous surprise, and yet they were hardly more than the heightening and necessary culmination of his previous relationship with Kläre. He felt now

that it could not have happened otherwise, and made plans for the immediate and distant future. "How long will she remain on the stage?" he thought. "Perhaps four or five years. Then, but not sooner, I will marry her. We will live together in the country, not far from Vienna, in St Veit, perhaps, or in Lainz. I shall buy a small house there, or else have one built according to her own ideas. We shall live pretty much in retirement, but frequently take long trips . . . to Spain, Egypt, India . . ." In this manner he went on dreaming to himself, letting his horse out as he crossed the meadows by the Heustadl. Then he trotted back through the Hauptallee, and at the Praterstern took his seat in his carriage. He stopped in at Fossatti's and sent Kläre a bouquet of splendid dark roses. He had breakfast alone as usual in his rooms on the Schwarzenbergplatz, and after his meal lay down on the divan. He was filled with a strong yearning for Kläre. What had all the other women meant to him? They had been a distraction, nothing more. And he foresaw the day when Kläre likewise would say to him, "What were they all to me? You are the only man, and the first man, whom I have loved." . . . And lying on the divan, with eyes closed, he let the whole string of them glide by. . . . Certainly, she had loved no one before him, and had always loved him, perhaps, in each of the others!

The Baron dressed, and then started on the well known way to her house slowly, as though to enjoy for a few seconds longer the anticipation of their meeting. There were a good many promenaders on the Ring, but the season was noticeably nearing its close. And Leisenbohg was glad that summer was here; he would travel with Kläre, see the ocean or the mountains with her . . . and he had to hold himself in check, to keep from shouting aloud in his enthusiasm.

He halted in front of her house and looked up at her windows. The light of the afternoon sun was reflected in them and nearly blinded him. He mounted the two flights to her apartment, and rang. No one came to let him in. He rang again. No one came. Leisenbohg now noticed that a padlock had been put on the door. What could that mean? Was he in the wrong place? She did not have a card on the door, but on the door adjoining he read as usual, "Oberstleutnant von Jeleskowits." Undeniably he was standing in front of her apartment, and it was locked up. He hurried down

the stairs, and tore open the door to the janitor's apartment. The janitress was sitting on a bed in the semi-darkness. A child was looking up from the basement to the street; another was blowing a meaningless tune on a comb. "Is Fräulein Heil not at home?" asked the Baron. The woman stood up. "No, Herr Baron, Fräulein Heil has left town . . ."

"What!" the Baron shouted. "But of course," he added immediately, "she left at about three o'clock, didn't she?"

"No, Herr Baron, the Fräulein left about eight this morning."

"And where to? . . . Or that is, did she go directly to—" he said haphazardly, "did she go directly to Dresden?"

"No, Herr Baron; she left no address. She said that she would write where she is."

"So, yes, yes, quite so. Naturally . . . many thanks." He turned away and came up on the street again. He could not help looking back at the house. How differently the evening sun was reflected in the windows now. The heavy melancholy mugginess of a summer evening lay over the city. Kläre was gone! . . . Why? . . . She had fled from him? . . . What was the meaning of that? . . . He thought at first of going to the opera. But he remembered that the season was closing the day after to-morrow, and that for the last couple of days Kläre had nothing to do there.

So he went to 76 Mariahilferstrasse where the Ringeisers lived. An old cook came to the door, and examined this tony visitor with some distrust. He had the cook call Frau Ringeiser. "Is Fräulein Fanny at home?" he asked with an excitement that he could not master.

"How's that?" Frau Ringeiser asked sharply.

The Baron introduced himself.

"Oh, quite so," said Frau Ringeiser. "Would the Herr Baron mind stepping in?"

He stepped into the hall and asked again, "Is Fräulein Fanny not at home?"

"If the Herr Baron would just step a little farther." Leisenbohg had to follow her, and found himself in a low half-dark room with blue-velvet furniture, and windows hung with rep curtains of the same colour. "No," Frau Ringeiser said; "our Fanny is not at home. Fräulein has taken her along on her vacation."

"Where?" the Baron asked, staring at a photograph of Kläre which stood in a narrow gold frame on the piano.

"Where? That I don't know," said Frau Ringeiser. "About eight o'clock this morning Fräulein Heil was here in person and begged me to let Fanny go along with her. Well, she just asked so beautifully—I simply couldn't say no."

"But where . . . where!" Leisenbohg insisted.

"That I really couldn't say. Fanny is to telegraph me as soon as Fräulein Heil makes up her mind where she is going to stay. Perhaps as early as to-morrow morning, or the morning after."

"So," Leisenbohg said, letting himself sink down on a little cane-bottomed stool in front of the piano. He was silent a few seconds; then he arose suddenly, held out his hand to Frau Ringeiser, begged her forgiveness for the trouble he had caused her, and slowly descended the dark stairway of the old house.

He shook his head. She had been very cautious, to be sure . . . much more cautious than necessary. For she might have known that he would not have been importunate.

"Where shall we go, Herr Baron?" the driver asked, and Leisenbohg noticed that he had been sitting in the open carriage for quite a while simply staring in front of him. Following a sudden impulse he answered, "To the Hotel Bristol."

Sigurd Olse had not yet left. He sent word that the Baron should be asked to come up to his room, received him warmly, and suggested that they spend the last evening of his stay in Vienna together. Leisenbohg had already been deeply affected by the fact that Sigurd Olse was still in Vienna; and this added amiability touched him to tears. Sigurd immediately began speaking of Kläre. He begged Leisenbohg to tell him as much of her as he could, for he knew perfectly that her oldest and dearest friend stood before him in the person of the Baron. So Leisenbohg sat down on a trunk and talked of Kläre. It was soothing to him that he could discuss her. . . . He told the singer nearly everything, with the exception of certain facts which he felt bound as a gentleman to leave unspoken. Sigurd listened, and seemed to be charmed.

At supper the singer invited his friend to leave Vienna with him this very evening and accompany him to his estate at Molde. The Baron was strangely moved. He did not accept for the present, but promised to visit him in the course of the summer.

They went to the station together. "Perhaps you will consider me a fool," Sigurd said, "but I would like to pass her windows just once more." Leisenbohg looked at him furtively. Perhaps this was a ruse . . . or was it the final proof that the singer was beyond suspicion? When they reached Kläre's Sigurd threw a kiss toward the locked windows. Then he said, "Remember me to her."

Leisenbohg nodded; "I shall tell her when she returns."

Sigurd looked at him in surprise.

"She is gone already," Leisenbohg appended. "She left early this morning—without saying good-bye—but that is the usual thing with her," he added the lie.

"Gone," Sigurd repeated, and fell to thinking. They were both silent.

Before the train pulled out they embraced each other like old friends.

That night the Baron cried in bed, something which had not occurred to him since childhood. The one hour of pleasure that he had spent with Kläre seemed beaten upon by dismal storms. He felt that her eyes last night had gleamed like mad. Now he had it all straight. He had heeded her call too promptly. The shadow of Prince Bedenbruck still held her under its influence, and Leisenbohg felt that he had finally possessed Kläre only to lose her for ever.

For a few days he went around Vienna at a loss what to do with his days and nights. Newspapers, whist, riding . . . all these previous ways of spending his time now meant absolutely nothing to him. He felt that his whole existence depended on Kläre for its meaning, and that even his affairs with other women had been simply the reflection of his passion for Kläre. The city seemed covered by a continual grey mist. When he spoke to people their voices were subdued; and they stared at him strangely, even traitorously. One evening he drove to the station and half-mechanically bought a ticket to Ischl. He ran into acquaintances there who inquired innocently after Kläre; his answers were irritated and impolite, with the result that he was obliged to fight a duel with a gentleman who did not concern him in the least. He stood up lethargically, heard the bullet whistle by his ear, shot into the air, and left Ischl half an hour after the duel. He went to the Tyrol,

the Engadine, the Bernese Oberland, the Lake of Geneva; rowed, took walks, climbed mountains, slept once in an Alpine herdsman's hut, and, in short, managed to live each day knowing as little of the day past as of the day following.

One morning he received a forwarded telegram. He opened it with trembling fingers, and read, "If you are my friend keep your promise and come to me immediately. For I am in need of a friend. Sigurd Olse." Leisenbohg did not doubt for a moment but that the contents of this telegram had something to do with Kläre. He packed as hurriedly as possible and left Aix, where he happened to be at the time, at the earliest opportunity. He went straight through Munich to Hamburg and took the boat which would bring him to Molde *via* Stavanger; he arrived one clear summer evening. It had seemed as though the journey would never end. He remained totally impervious to the scenery.

Also, he had been unable lately to recall Kläre's singing, or even her features. But when he saw Sigurd standing on the shore, dressed in white flannels and with a white cap, it seemed as though he had seen him only last evening. And in spite of his agitation he smiled from the deck in answer to Sigurd's greeting, and remained quite composed as he walked down the gangway.

"I thank you a thousand times for answering my call," Sigurd said. And then he added simply, "It is all over with me."

The Baron observed him critically. Sigurd looked very pale and the hair about his temples had become noticeably grey. He was carrying on his arm a dull green plaid.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" Leisenbohg asked, smiling stiffly.

"You shall learn everything," Sigurd said. It struck the Baron that Sigurd's voice was not so full as it used to be. They went along the beautiful sea-drive in a small, narrow carriage. Both were silent. Leisenbohg did not dare to ask. He kept staring out at the water. It was nearly still; he got the peculiar notion of counting the waves, but found that this was impossible. Then he looked up at the sky, and it seemed as though the stars were slowly falling. Finally it occurred to him that a singer was in this world somewhere; Kläre Heil by name—but that was not greatly important. There was a jolt, and the carriage stopped before a plain white house surrounded by green. They took dinner on a verandah

facing the sea. They were waited on by a stolid-faced servant whose expression became positively ominous when he was pouring the wine. About them lay the brilliant northern night.

"Well?" Leisenbohg asked, as a sudden wave of impatience came over him.

"I am a lost man," Sigurd said, staring in front of him.

"How do you mean?" Leisenbohg asked tonelessly. "And how can I help you?" he added mechanically.

"Not much. I have no idea." And he gazed over the tablecloth, over the banisters, the garden, the trellis, the street, the sea . . . into nothing.

Leisenbohg became inwardly paralyzed. . . . All sorts of thoughts shot through him. . . . What could have happened? . . . Was Kläre dead? . . . Had Sigurd murdered her? . . . Yet no, that was impossible. . . . There he was, sitting in front of him. . . . But why did he not go on? . . . And suddenly, oppressed with an egregious anxiety, Leisenbohg groaned, "Where is Kläre?"

The singer turned towards him slowly. His somewhat heavy face lit up; he seemed to be smiling—unless it was the effect of the moonlight. In any case Leisenbohg found at this moment that the man who was sitting opposite him, leaning back with both hands in his pockets, his legs stretched out beneath the table, and this veiled expression on his face, resembled nothing in the world more closely than a Pierrot. The green plaid was hanging on the banister, and seemed to the Baron at this moment like a dear old friend. But what did this ridiculous plaid have to do with him? Perhaps he was dreaming? . . . He was in Molde. Strangely enough. . . . If he had been wise he would simply have telegraphed the singer from Aix, "What is wrong? What do you want of me, Pierrot?" And he suddenly repeated his previous question, although more politely and with more patience, "Where is Kläre?"

The singer nodded several times. "To be sure, the whole thing involves her. Are you my friend?"

Leisenbohg nodded. He felt a slight chill. A warm wind was blowing in from the sea. "I am your friend. What do you want of me?"

"Do you remember the evening we last saw each other, Baron? We had supper together at the Bristol and you went with me to the station."

Leisenbohg nodded again.

"Of course you could not have suspected that Kläre Heil was leaving Vienna in the same train with me."

Leisenbohg let his head sink heavily on his breast. . . .

"I did not suspect it any more than you," Sigurd continued. "I did not see Kläre until the next morning when we had stopped for breakfast. She was sitting over her coffee in the dining-room with Fanny Ringeiser. From the way she acted I thought that we had met purely by chance. It was not by chance."

"Go on," the Baron said, observing the green plaid as it swayed gently.

"She confessed to me later that it was not by chance. From this morning on we remained together, Kläre, Fanny, and I. We put up at one of your charming little Austrian lakes. We took a lonely house between water and forest, secluded from the rest of humanity. We were very happy."

He spoke so slowly that Leisenbohg nearly went mad.

"What did he bring me here for?" he thought. "What does he want of me? Did she confess to him? What does that have to do with him? Why is he staring into my face so steadily? Why am I sitting here in Molde on a verandah with a Pierrot? Isn't it merely a dream, after all? Perhaps I am sleeping in Kläre's arms? Perhaps this is the same night?"—And involuntarily he strained his eyes wide open.

"Will you avenge me?" Sigurd asked suddenly.

"Avenge? . . . What for? What has happened?" the Baron asked; and he heard his own words as though they came from a distance.

"Because she has ruined me. Because I am lost."

"Explain to me, finally," Leisenbohg said in a hard dry voice.

"Fanny Ringeiser was with us," Sigurd continued. "She is a nice girl, don't you think?"

"Yes, she is a nice girl," Leisenbohg answered, and suddenly saw in front of him the half-dark room with the blue velvet furniture and the rep curtains, where he had talked with Fanny's mother hundreds of years ago.

"And she is quite a stupid girl, don't you think?"

"I think so," the Baron replied.

"I know so," Sigurd said. "She did not suspect how happy we were." And he was silent for a long while.

"Go on," Leisenbohg said, and waited.

"One morning Kläre was still asleep," Sigurd began again. "She always used to sleep quite late into the morning. But I was taking a walk in the forest. Suddenly Fanny came running up behind me. 'You must get away, Herr Olse, before it is too late. Hurry away from here; you are in great danger!'" Strangely enough, at first she would say nothing more to me. But I insisted, and soon learned what sort of danger, according to her, was threatening me. Ah! She thought that I could still be saved, or else she certainly would have said nothing to me about it!"

The green plaid on the banisters was inflated like a sail; the lamp on the table flickered a little.

"What did Fanny tell you?" Leisenbohg asked.

"Do you remember the evening," Sigurd asked, "when we were all guests at Kläre's house? That same morning Kläre had gone to the cemetery with Fanny; and by the Prince's grave she confessed the hideous thing to her friend."

"The hideous thing?" the Baron was trembling.

"Yes.—You know how the Prince died? He fell from his horse and lived for about an hour afterwards."

"I know."

"No one was with him except Kläre."

"I know."

"He would not see any one but her. And while he was dying he made a curse."

"A curse?"

"A curse.—'Kläre,' the Prince said, 'do not forget me. I would have no rest in the grave if you forgot me.'—'I will never forget you,' Kläre answered.—'Swear to me that you will never forget me.'—'I swear.'—'Kläre, I love you, and I must die!'"

"I am speaking," Sigurd said, "and I am speaking for Fanny, and Fanny is speaking for Kläre, and Kläre is speaking for the Prince. Don't you understand me?"

Leisenbohg listened with taut nerves. It seemed to him as though he could hear the voice of the dead Prince coming up out of the thrice-sealed coffin and ringing through the night.

"'Kläre, I love you, and I must die! You are so young, and I must die. . . . And someone else will come after me. . . . I know it; that's what will happen.—Someone else will hold you in his arms and be happy with you. . . . He shall not—he

dare not—he dare not! . . . I curse him. Do you hear, Kläre? I curse him! . . . The first man who kisses these lips, who embraces this body after me—may his soul rot in Hell! . . . Kläre, Heaven hears the curse of a dying man. . . . Take care for yourself—take care for him. . . . He is destined for Hell! In madness, misery, and death! Woe! Woe! Woe!"

Sigurd, out of whose mouth the voice of the dead Prince had resounded, had arisen. He was standing there, large and stout in his white flannels, looking off into the clean night. The green plaid sank from the banisters into the garden. The Baron felt himself freezing horribly. It was as though his body was becoming rigid. He wanted to cry out, but when he opened his mouth no sound came. At this moment he was in the little room of Mme Eisenstein, the music teacher—where he had seen Kläre for the first time. A Pierrot was standing on the stage declaiming, "With this curse on his lips Prince Bedenbruck died, and . . . listen . . . the wretch in whose arms she lay, the victim on whom the curse will be fulfilled, is I! . . . I! . . . I! . . ."

Then the stage collapsed with a loud crash, and sank before Leisenbohg's eyes into the sea. But he, without a word, fell over backwards in his chair—like a marionette.

Sigurd sprang up, calling for help. Two servants came, picked up the unconscious man and laid him in an armchair which was standing off to one side of the table. One of them ran for a doctor; the other brought water and vinegar. Sigurd rubbed the Baron's forehead and temples, but he remained motionless. Then the doctor arrived and began his examination. It did not last long. At the end he said, "This gentleman is dead!"

Sigurd Olse was very agitated. He asked the doctor to make all necessary arrangements, and left the terrace. He passed through the drawing-room, went up stairs to his own bedroom, made a light, and wrote hastily:

"Kläre! I found your telegram at Molde, where I had fled immediately. I will confess that I did not believe you; I thought that you were trying to quiet me with a lie. Forgive me—I am no longer in doubt. The Baron von Leisenbohg was here. I sent for him. I asked him no questions; for as a man of honour he would have had to lie to me. I had an ingenious idea. I told him of the

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dead Prince's curse. The effect was amazing: the Baron fell back in his chair and died on the spot."

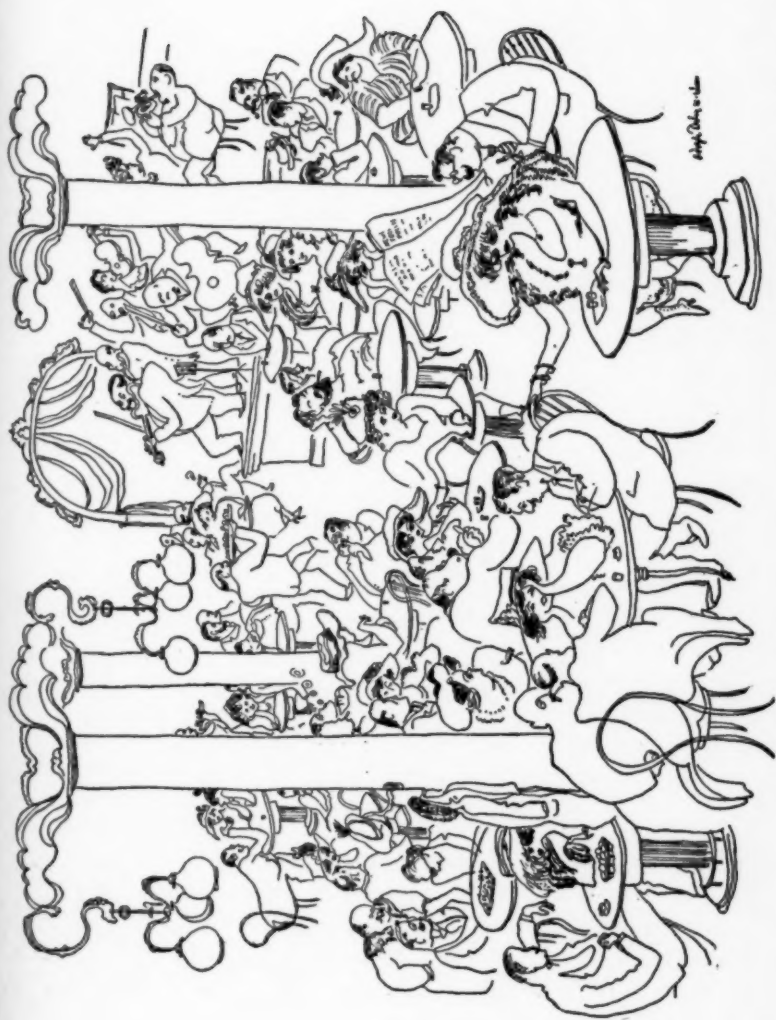
Sigurd stopped writing. He became very serious and seemed to be thinking. Then he placed himself in the middle of the room and raised his voice in song. At first it was a bit timid and veiled; but it gradually grew in volume, finally becoming as powerful as though it were echoing back from the waves.—A contented smile passed over Sigurd's features. He drew a deep breath. He went to the writing-table again and added to his message:

"Dearest Kläre! Forgive me—everything is lovely again. I shall be with you in three days . . ."

MAJESTY WALKS IN THE GARDEN: SPAIN

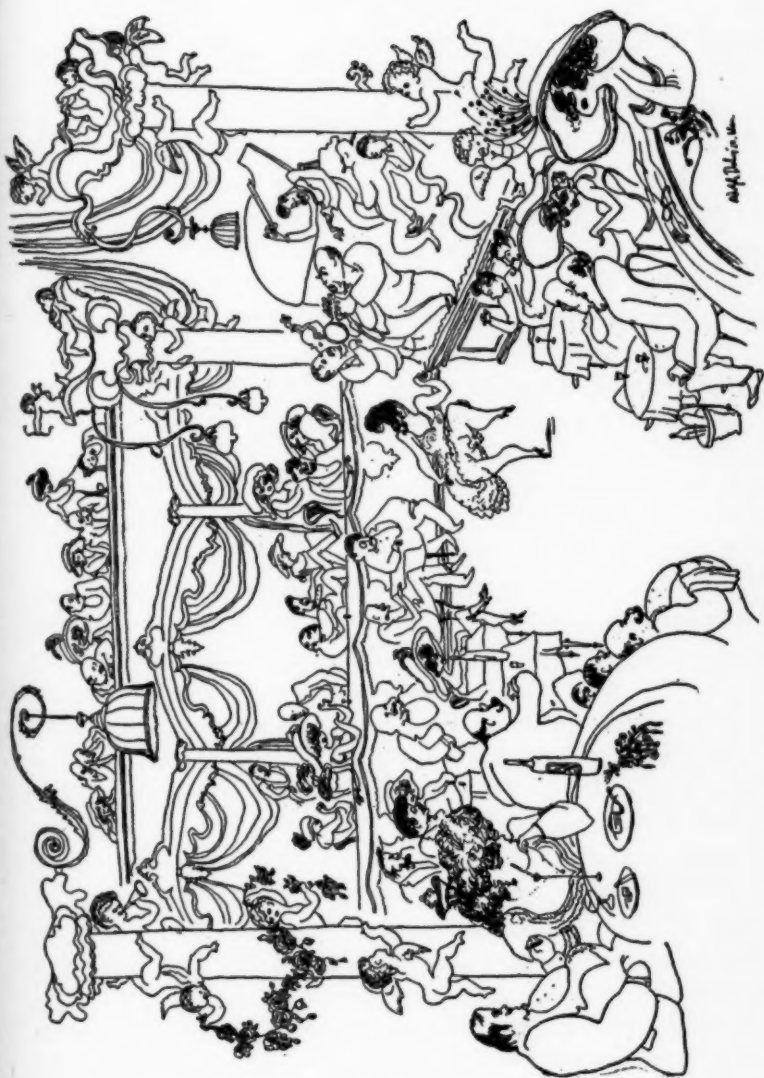
BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

All in black, among black cypresses,
All in black, white-faced as hoar-frost is,
With heavy scarlet lips, the king walks slowly
Down the hedged paths, bending his long cold face
Over the rosary trickling through his fingers.
All in black, moving so sombrely
Among the cypresses, with the small white Christ
In agony, between his cruel fingers—
All in black, pacing down gravelled walks,
His heavy scarlet lips ceaselessly moving,
The king awaits the hour of his appointment
With his new mistress,
Sombrely, slowly,
Marking the minutes by his trickling prayers,
His trickling prayers that focus on the cross
White as the body of his latest love.
All in black, between black cypresses,
All in black, the king awaits the hour.



VIENNESE COFFEE HOUSE. BY ADOLPH DEHN





VIENNESE CABARET. BY ADOLPH DEHN

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PARIS LETTER

September-October, 1923

PARIS will be the only thing missing from this Paris Letter. Where is Paris? Among those houses with closed shutters (those dear shutters which make us to feel sad abroad without knowing why, until the day we become aware that what we miss are the shutters, the window's wings). In the deserted Champs Elysées auto-cars run by the American Express Company stop in front of the Grand Palais—which makes us regret that France isn't a country of earthquakes—a guide gets up on the seat and threatens the monument with his finger, in a foreign tongue. Thirty-three travellers with eye-glasses listen to him in consternation, and the auto-car continues toward the Invalides. We hear no more the courteous articulated idiom, rich in nasal and metallic tones, which is called the French language. It is summer in Paris.

Along the Lido I happily rediscovered a goodly section of Paris. In the *cave* of the hotel on the Adriatic, transformed into a mediæval tavern in the style of the Place Pigalle, a certain number of my "acquaintances" whom I am accustomed to see, fully dressed, if not in respectable places, at least at the Boeuf sur le Toit or, in Montparnasse, at the Caméléon, were lunching naked, with Turkish towel dressing-gowns wrapped around their sunburnt torsos. I was quite tired for I had spent a good part of the night in a vain search for one of your editors; but he had not returned to his hotel (which explains a letter I received in Constantinople from him fifteen days later, asking me "why don't you write some Venetian nights?") Thank Heaven I escaped that sombre reef). I wanted to lunch alone. But Mrs G. A—— saw me and invited me to her table. She was dressed in white stockings, the upper half of a pair of pyjamas, and a yellow parasol across her shoulder like a shotgun. The lower half of the same pyjamas (which smelled of cold opium) she had lent to one of her friends whose dark glasses prevented me from seeing her eyes, but whose mouth was so red that I found everything she said most intelligent. She asked me what I thought of the art of portraiture in Venetian painting.

"Do you believe, Monsieur, as dear B. B., I mean Berenson, says in his *Venetian Painters*, that the origin of the portrait is to be found in 'the longing for the perpetuation of one's fame'?"

"No one comes to Venice for that, nowadays, Madam," I answered.

As the conversation gave signs of being redoubtable, I drew a rose out of my pocket; not a rose, but between two rose covers, like dry petals, forty-five pages of the most tender, the most secret, and the most gracious poetry, the new volume by Jean Cocteau, called *Plain-Chant*.

*"J'ai peine à soutenir le poids d'or des musées
cet immense vaisseau . . ."*

(impossible to find a quotation more pat)

*" . . . Combien me parle plus que leur bouches usées
l'oeuvre de Picasso."*

My opponent was not to be put off by this.

"Your Picasso upsets me by his continual experiments. Tell me . . ."

Decidedly Fate was good to me. I drew out of my pocket an interview with Picasso which I had just received:

"I try to paint what I have found," said the Master of the rue la Boétie, "not what I have sought. In art intentions count for little. There is a Spanish proverb that love proves itself by acts, not by reasons."

I put on the accent of Malaga as I read the last phrases, and pressed the lady's hand so significantly that I was permitted to finish my lunch in peace.

Our boat left Venice the same night. It was anchored two steps away from the Dogana, with its golden bull as weathercock. Eleven o'clock sounded; above St Giorgio Maggiore rose the moon, enveloped in German-style clouds playing *The Tales of Hoffman*. I couldn't see why we did not raise the anchor and was beginning to wonder whether the beautiful voyage which my hostess had promised me wasn't simply a motionless navigation opposite the Doge's Palace, when a strange *cortège* debouched from the entrance of the

Grand Canal. It was an enormous bark full of light and sound, followed by a thousand gondolas and resembling those embarcations by which the Venetians transport their fruits, especially their water-melons which look like severed Moorish heads. All these people were coming to serenade us—farewell music from Venice to one who had given it so much of animation. All the boats ranged themselves around our vessel. From under the lanterns and the branches of acacia, to the accompaniment of false notes on a piano from a private dining-room, came first one, then many “of those beautiful Italian voices which dramatize even pleasure,” I said, pastiching Stendhal. Two smoking candles guttered under the sea-breeze and spotted the Scarlatti score. The gondolas sparkled with polished prows and the lights of their red or green lanterns; the gondoliers, flat on their stomachs, were fast asleep; in the shadows were studied poses, mechanical dinner-jackets, and fugitive beautiful shoulders. Then, as natives go aboard steamers with the first or last gifts from dry land, everybody hailed us, came on board, drank our whole supply of champagne, wished us *bon voyage*, and brightened what is always so dark, a departure, even a departure for Greece.

We had brought with us Pausanias, Herodotus, Procopius, but I need not say that we read none of them. Books were not lacking; “launched without a compass on the ocean of books” as Baudelaire says, we found a priceless guide—the map of the Republic of Letters by M André Lang which appeared in the *Annales* in July and made a furor in Paris. In the book, that redoubtable country is traversed by a black stream called Style. All the reefs and sand-banks which make navigation perilous in the streets of Paris are here charted. Each street bears the name of an author; I was happy to find my own plotted quite straight, in an airy district, not very noisy in spite of the railway-station nearby—because it is the Station of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, from which the trains depart most discreetly. The map was precious to us, and when we had no further need of it, we put it into a sealed bottle, and cast it into the sea.

The aridity of the Albanian coast made me want to read *Le Blé en Herbe*, by Colette; the fresh title attracted me. It is a tender summer-novel, warm, human, sensual in style, disjointed like words of love, compact as an adventure. Of a quite different charm is

the new book by Madame de Noailles, *Les Innocentes*. We were approaching Greece and the atmosphere of these stories became more limpid, more direct, like the art of the most Mediterranean of our women of genius. These eighteen stories have a theme in common: the defense of women, those eternal victims. Men are not allowed the right to reply and stand without an advocate before the requisitory; they appear only as a series of interrogation points. (My dialogues with Mme de Noailles were always limited to that, anyhow.) But if, at last, the men should make answer, should justify themselves? Suppose someone wrote a book called *Les Innocents*? When I was young and read the Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun, the Correspondence of Mlle de Lespinasse, I was less struck by these passionate cries than by the implacable silence of the men to whom they were uttered. Were you mute with joy, or terror, or indifference, you beautiful phantoms, Chamilly, or you, Chevalier de Guibert? No doubt you were hangmen: what would be left of you if you had given your mistresses nothing but joy?

I had also on board the New Anthology of Twentieth Century Poetry which M R. de la Vaissière has just issued (*Crès*). Before Corfu, when the Milky Way was like a widespread smudge of talcum we read, under the green and red lights, to starboard and to port, Apollinaire, Zoulet, Salmon, Vildrac, their luminous and secret images shooting like stars across the August sky: for each new poetic image we should have been allowed to make a wish. But there were missing, and we regretted, the names of Valéry Larbaud, Cendrars, Fargue, Reverdy, and Drieu la Rochelle, from this excellent anthology.

I awoke one morning at Cephalonia. We were in Greece. The blue of the Greek flag reminded me of the cover of Joyce's *Ulysses*, which, I was told, he wanted to have the same colour. I landed to buy a flag to send him, but I found none. The island which lay before me, like a bow on the sea, was, I was told by the chief of police, no other than Ithaca. He explained that all of Homer's descriptions of Ithaca do not correspond to the island now so called, but to Cephalonia. How to distinguish the truth from local pride? Perhaps some day Ireland will find herself robbed by other isles of the honour or having given birth to Joyce?

I returned to Paris reconciled to white marble. My heart was full of hatred for the bluish sugar out of which are made our statues

and the effigies in the *campi santi* of Italy. But it must be confessed that the quarries of Pentelicus furnished Greek artists with a prodigiously living, gifted material, changing with every hour. The Acropolis is like a nude woman whom one loves in the summer sun, thinking how much more one will love her by firelight in winter. The Greeks did not have to travel ten miles to find the material which was best adapted to their genius. However true it is that real artists always have to hand the materials they deserve, the best of all remains the Athenian sky.

"A brighter Hellas rears its mountains from waves serener far" says Shelley. I took along the new life of Shelley which André Maurois has just published in the form—far less disagreeable than one had first suspected, even quite pleasant, in fact—of a novel (Ariel). What is striking in his Shelley is the constant influence of the French Revolution on this strayed son of the gentry. No more in 1789 than to-day was France gifted in propaganda in the modern, scientific, Germanic sense of the word. The people made fanatical by our national upheaval came to us of their own accord. I need not tell Americans that. Now propaganda consists in making people swallow a dose they do not want; and I believe that if, in 1792, we had organized the diffusion of our ideas abroad, and especially if in England we had spread them with precision, had shown intellectuals, politicians, whigs, the radical *petite bourgeoisie*, that they could not hate the new doctrines because they were the doctrines of their own thinkers—then Pitt could not have maintained himself in power and the face of the world would have been changed.

To return to the Maurois' agreeable story, Shelley appears like Rimbaud, an Angel on Earth—"enchanted child, born in a world unchildlike," Francis Thompson marvellously writes. Like all the Angels, in default of adaptation, he sows ruin about him, defeats, suicides, death to those whom he loves. Byron, the false demon, drunk with worldly snobbism and literary success which made him look down upon his contemporaries was, on the contrary, adored while Shelley was ignored and despised.

My next letter will contain a picture of the literary return to Paris which will, I trust, be not uninteresting—if one may judge by the number of important works already announced.

PAUL MORAND

PRAGUE LETTER

November, 1923

THERE is in Prague, especially in the Czech theatrical life, a brisk interaction between the domestic and the foreign. Held within narrow bounds for years, often nourished on outside influences, our theatre was as good as cut off from Europe during the world war; it now enters upon a new phase, and is minded to be not only a receiver, but also a giver, in the activities of modern art. The public at large knows the names of the highly gifted Capek brothers, who have also secured fitting attention from American audiences; further, people abroad are well aware that Prague has done much worth watching in the field of contemporary dramaturgy, and particularly in the most modern methods of stage management. Now, building upon the Prague reports which Mr P. Beaumont Wadsworth has furnished to readers of *THE DIAL*, it would be appropriate to project on a larger scale a picture of our present-day theatre and our aesthetic interests.

To epitomize the most recent developments of our theatre: just as October 28, 1918 (the day on which the American slogan of the self-determination of small peoples became an actuality for Czecho-Slovakia) is of decisive significance in the national and political life of the Czechs, similarly the date of this declaration of independence will also play an essential *rôle* in the history of our artistic progress, and precisely in the sense that if we are not making an actual change of *rôle*, we have nevertheless increased our obligations and heightened our aims. Up to the end of the world war the latent content of Czech drama (which in this respect was quite similar to the Irish) was determined by the struggle for national independence; so that the concept of "nation," the dream of a future state, could be utilized as leading character or principal theme to reconcile the requirements of national consciousness with the Bohemian's deeply-rooted humanitarian impulses. But with the fulfilment of a dream hundreds of years old, with the realization of our constitutional projects, new and greater demands have been placed upon the national life and, above all, on its parallel in the

art of words and the drama. With the result that we see the Czech theatre of most recent years endeavouring to illuminate and evaluate the new cultural factor of the mother country's inclusion in the list of Europe's national entities, and at the same time to bring some kind of synthetic and dramatic formula to bear on the chaos of the post-war period. And besides realistic or semi-lyric and satiric attempts to put on the stage the life of the Siberian legions or the fall of the Austrian military power, or the hopes and perils of the liberated home-land, the signature of the times was to be seen in the fact that national problems had been displaced by social ones. The real *dramatis personae* was no longer the Czech people, but contemporary society; not simply the fashions of Europe, but Europe itself; not the nation, but the world and humanity.

This found its expression also in the selection of the foreign repertoire, in which field there was precisely as much love of experiment, as the term "experiment" can ordinarily be applied to designate the most daring and successful enterprises of our theatre. Verhaerens' social tragedy, *Les Aubes* (never produced before except in Russia) and Kraszynski's *Godless Comedy* (never played except in Poland, the country of origin) distinguished the repertoire of the daring stage-manager, K. H. Hilar; Romain Rolland's historical dramas, revolutionary pieces by Büchner and others, Galsworthy's humanitarian plays, attempts at a new style in the stage management of crowds, were outstanding symptoms in the last four or five seasons; and especially we must consider the efforts which were made here to find some new type of social tragedy or comedy. There was, for instance, the broadly limned Hussite tragedy by Arno Dvorak, in which the intention was to give not merely a chronicle-like chain of events, but neither more nor less than a "tragedy of the people." (Incidentally, the conception proved to be more powerful than the execution.) Then a young expressionist, Jan Bartos, came forward with caricatures of modern society. Then the ideologist Stanislav Lom attempted to express in a simplified version the development of the state or the struggles of the race. Then the leader of the younger generation, F. K. Salda, wrote a tragedy, *The Hosts*, and followed this with a play on the theme of the eternal revolution in life and customs. Further, there is ferment in the sphere of Moravian literature. The passion for style is evident in Leo Blatny and others; while Gungen and

Jängsters show a predilection for treating in the drama not merely this or that individual, but some entire collectivity, a class, a people, a period. Up to now this tendency has been realized most effectively by Karel Capek who followed an intimate comedy of love with his high-powered and gripping Robot tragedy, and then in collaboration with his brother Josef, who has attempted the collective drama in his *Land of Many Names*, wrote the well-known comedy of the insect world.

Yet in spite of the great emphasis on social and socialistic problems, the opposite pole, the traditional drama of strongly pronounced individualism, has not been abandoned. The protagonist of modern drama in Bohemia, Jaroslav Hilbert, who composed among other things a drama of discovery called *Columbus*, was and still remains individualistic. Individualistic, or even aristocratic and decadent, are the themes and analyses of Jaroslav Maria and others. Also, the cult of the strong relentless personality which aspires to the superman of Nietzsche is defended by Frantirck Zavriel in his dramas of contemporary life. The contrasting elements of this age are most intensely sharpened in our theatrical life: for instance the battle which is now facing our public as to whether a pessimistic and violently antisocialistic play should or should not be presented on the stage of the national theatre. The dramatist and politician Viktor Dyk is distinguished by a keen national-mindedness; we should also mention the national dramas of Jir Mahen and the dramatized histories of the old master of historical fiction, Alois Jirasek.

Somewhat aside from the hot battle of ideas and parties, there is a list of theatrically effective plays which have as their subject the eternally recurring song of the human heart: here dramatists like Frantirck Langer and Frana Sramek should be named—but these authors also have given evidence by their previous works how closely their products touch on the vital nerve of our times, and how much our theatre is linked with the general experiences of present (and future) Europe. Bohemia has often been spoken of as the "heart of Europe"; and in this "heart" there is one point which reacts as intensively as possible to the vacillations and hopes of the times. In this middle country (but not middling, let us hope!) there is a kind of sun dial on which the position of the world's sun can be read. This fine and delicately sensitive instrument is the

complicated adjustment of our theatre. A survey of our actors (in whose ranks a painful gap has been made by the death of the great mime, Eduard Vojan); a review of our leading stage directors; an examination of the prospective foreign plays in the newly announced repertoires—all this should provide further testimony for our basic assertion that there is a brisk interaction between the domestic and the foreign.

In our foreign repertoire during the last season (to speak at present only of Anglo-Saxon literature) we have gone back to Marlowe's Edward II, and attempted to recover Shelly's Cenci; now Beaumont and Fletcher (*Wit Without Money*) and Byron (on the occasion of his centennial) are to be produced—not to mention the achievements of contemporary England and America, among which we expect much of O'Neill's first appearance here (*Emperor Jones* or *The Hairy Ape*). Incidentally, Mr C. E. Bechhofer, who introduced the American dramatist in England, is also well acquainted with the Czech theatre. But the extent and the height of the aspirations of the local stage are best indicated by the manner in which the Czech theatres cling to Shakespeare, who always remains with us the most popular dramatist, and is part of the steady repertoire not only of the leading stages, but also of the smaller ones. Jaroslav Kvapil still is the most convincing interpreter of Shakespeare. In the year 1916 he undertook a vast Shakespeare cycle, which he is now supplementing by the production of several rarely-played pieces. In addition to *Cymbeline*, he has had an especially remarkable success with *Troilus and Cressida*. Also, he is preparing for a kind of revival of his former Shakespeare productions. A pupil and successor of the Munich Künstlertheater, allied with the dramaturgy of Eugen Kilian and the stage-directing of Reinhardt, Kvapil has his artistic counterpart in Karel H. Hilar who, previously connected with Jessner in Berlin, has also attempted in staging Shakespeare to apply the principles of expressionistic stagecraft, and in this way has presented *Coriolanus* and *The Tempest*, and recently also *As You Like It*, although without taking the position of his "senior" rival. The rivalry of these two stage-directors displays a good part of Prague's theatrical life: Kvapil's tasteful harmony in lights, lines, and tones—Hilar's self-willed storming and stressing; Kvapil's finely shaded lyricism—Hilar's dynamic theatrics which calls for works by Grabbe or Hebbel, but also knows

how to bring out new qualities in French classicism (Molière or Corneille's *Le Cid*); in Kvapil the danger of the sweetly and trivially idyllic—in Hilar the danger of a noisy, angular mannerism; in Kvapil a flood of tried and delicate traditions—in Hilar, in spite of all crudenesses, a glimpse into the future, a will to stride forward into a still unknown and barely guessed-at territory.

We stand on the threshold of a new theatrical season, and for the time being we can enjoy a production of *Lysistrata* which has been put on with modest means, but much industry. We are standing, it is to be hoped, before new expressions of a fruitful competitive battle between collectivism and belief in the personality, between tradition and modernity, between the purport of ideas and the problems of form. In all these points the Czech theatrical life touches on tendencies which are to be observed in the other spheres of our literature: in criticism, the lyric, and the novel.

The present state of lyric poetry is interesting and is probably also nearing a crisis. The sensualist and erotic, the ideological poet of cosmopolitan schooling, the extensive translator, Jaroslav Urchlický, has left his disciples as a most valuable legacy the instrument of a richly resounding poetic language. The lyric masters of the generation of the Nineties, Otakar Brěfina and Antonia Sova, have admitted Czech poetry to new depths, have extended its scope to social problems and mystical insight. Among the younger contemporary lyric artists, a numerous group is gathered about the former anarchist and present champion of communistic ideas, Stanislav K. Neumann, who is unfolding a programme of so-called "civilized" poetry, and in a free rhythm that often verges close on to prose sings the facts of ordinary life: the humming of telegraph wires, the swinging and churning of factory machines, but also his collectivistic expectations, and his violent love-hunger. Otakar Theer, who died young, and who was another theorizer and practitioner of *vers libre*, made the lyric serve for ethical problems. Yet in a succession of first books, among which the intimate and social ballads of Jiri Wolker are especially prominent, a turn away from individualistic ethics and national ideals is noticeable: the culmination of the social tendency is not marked by this or that adventurous *débutant*, but by the ripe and logical thinker, Josef Hora.

Sharply opposed to him is a writer already named as a dramatist,

Viktor Dyk, with his epigrammatically pointed comments and broadsides, his lyrically felt and national-minded marginal notes to current politics, his laconic yet deeply romantic emotionalism. Rudolf Medek has secured a reputation as a crier in the battle, as a poet of soldier songs, and now of love songs. The paradoxically tragic situation of the people in the midst of the world war has been expressed most strikingly by the richly tuned writer of elegies, Karel Toman, and the author of simple nature lyrics, Petr Kricka; while Frana Sramek, who was also touched on in the paragraphs on the theatre, has, by his delicately perfumed impressionistic variations on the themes of love and youth, secured for himself an all too unstinting adherence and discipleship among the present generation of lyrists.

In the lyric too there is seething and ferment. Here also strenuous trials and experiments are being made; the search prevails for a new form to fit a new life content, or for some way of adapting the traditional rigid song form, with its musical inspiration and its pronouncedly strophic arrangement, to the powerful content which is continually rising about us, but which comes even more persistently from the depths of the inner life, crying for expression and bidding fair to enrich not only the national culture, but the culture of Europe as well.

OTOKAR FISCHER

BOOK REVIEWS

MARIANNE MOORE

POEMS. By Marianne Moore. 12mo. 24 pages.
The Egoist Press, London.

MARRIAGE (Manikin Number 3). By Marianne Moore. 16mo. 20 pages. Monroe Wheeler. \$0.25.

TWO years ago Miss Moore's book of Poems—so far as I know her only book—was published in London by The Egoist Press; and I then undertook to review it for THE DIAL. This promise, for one reason after another, I never fulfilled. Now another poem has appeared, Marriage, published by Manikin, printed apparently in Germany, and with a parenthetical introduction by Mr Glenway Wescott. Meanwhile I have read Miss Moore's poems a good many times, and always with exactly the same pleasure, and satisfaction in something quite definite and solid. Because of a promise which, because of the long delay, may be considered as having been broken, and because I can only, at the moment, think of five contemporary poets—English, Irish, American, French, and German—whose work excites me as much as, or more than, Miss Moore's, I find myself compelled to say something about them. Not that there is much that is usefully said about any new work of art—I do not rate criticism so highly; but one ought, in honesty, to publish one's beliefs.

Mr Wescott has, in fact, written a good introduction; I only think that his distinction between proletariat art and aristocratic art is an artificial and unimportant distinction with dangerous consequences. So far as a proletariat art is art at all, it is the same thing in essence as aristocratic art; but in general, and at the present time, the middle-class art (which is what I believe Mr Wescott to have in mind when he speaks of proletariat art (the proletariat *is* middle class in America) is much more artificial than anything else;

it plays with sham ideas, sham emotions, and even sham sensations. On the other hand a real aristocracy is essentially of the same blood as the people over whom it rules: a real aristocracy is not a Baltenland aristocracy of foreign race. This apparently purely political definition applies to art as well: fine art is the *refinement*, not the antithesis, of popular art. Miss Moore's poetry may not seem to confirm this statement. I agree with Mr Wescott that it is "aristocratic," in that it can only please a very small number of people. But it is not, or not wholly, aristocratic in the Baltenland sense. I see in it at least three elements: a quite new rhythm, which I think is the most valuable thing; a peculiar and brilliant and rather satirical use of what is not, as material, an "aristocratic" language at all, but simply the curious jargon produced in America by universal university education—that jargon which makes it impossible for Americans to talk for half an hour without using the terms of psychoanalysis, and which has introduced "moron" as more forcible than "idiot"; and finally an almost primitive simplicity of phrase. There may be more. Up to the present time Miss Moore has concerned herself with practising and perfecting a given formation of elements; it will depend, I think, on her ability to *shatter* this formation and painfully reconstruct, whether Miss Moore makes another invention equal in merit to the first.

Rhythm, of course, is a highly personal matter; it is not a verse-form. It is always the real pattern in the carpet, the scheme of organization of thought, feeling, and vocabulary, the way in which everything comes together. It is very uncommon. What is certain is that Miss Moore's poems always read very well aloud. That quality is something which no system of scansion can define. It is not separable from the use of words, in Miss Moore's case the conscious and complete appreciation of every word, and in relation to every other word, as it goes by. I think that *Those Various Scalpels* is an excellent example for study. Here the rhythm depends partly upon the transformation—changes from one image to another, so that the second image is superposed before the first has quite faded, and upon the dexterity of change of vocabulary from one image to another. "Snow sown by tearing winds on the cordage of disabled ships:" has that Latin, epigrammatic succinctness, laconic austerity, which leaps out unexpectedly (altogether in *Talisman*).

"your raised hand
an ambiguous signature:"

is a distinct shift of manner; it is not an image, but the indication of a fulness of meaning which is unnecessary to pursue.

"blood on the stone floors of French châteaux, with
regard to which guides are so affirmative:"

is a satirical (consciously or unconsciously it does not matter) refinement of that pleasantry (not flippancy, which is something with a more definite purpose) of speech which characterizes the American language, that pleasantry, uneasy, solemn, or self-conscious, which inspires both the jargon of the laboratory and the slang of the comic strip. Miss Moore works this uneasy language of stereotypes—as of a whole people playing uncomfortably at clenches and clevelandisms—with impeccable skill into her pattern. She uses words like "fractional," "vertical," "infinitesimal," "astringently"; phrases like "excessive popularity," "a liability rather than an asset," "mask of profundity," "vestibule of experience," "diminished vitality," "arrested prosperity." If this were all, Miss Moore would be no different from her imitators. The merit consists in the combination, in the other point of view which Miss Moore possesses at the same time. What her imitators cannot get are the swift dissolving images, like the mussel shell

"opening and shutting itself like
an
injured fan"

and phrases like

"the sea when it proffers flattery in exchange for hemp
rye, flax, horses, platinum, timber and fur."

"Truth is no Apollo
Belvedere, no formal thing. The wave may go over it if it likes."

or a magnificence of phrase like

"I recall their magnificence, now not more magnificent
than it is dim"

(how like Valéry's "*entre les pins palpite, entre les tombes*" or like
his "*éternellement, Eternellement le bout mordre*").

And also they cannot imitate her animals and birds—

"the parrakeet—

. . . destroying

bark and portions of the food it could not eat."

Mr Wescott, if he agrees with all or even with a part of what I have written, will probably consider it as an affirmation of his belief in a kind of "aristocratic" art drawing no sustenance from the soil. "An aristocratic art, emulating the condition of ritual." But of course *all* art emulates the condition of ritual. That is what it comes from and to that it must always return for nourishment. And nothing belongs more properly to the people than ritual—or indeed than aristocracy itself, a popular invention to serve popular needs. (I suppose the Ku Klux Klan is a popular ritual—as popular as a ritual can be in a country where there are only variations *within* the middle class.) Miss Moore's relation to the soil is not a simple one, or rather it is to various soils—to that of Latium and to that of Attica I believe (or at least to that of the Aegean littoral) as well as most positively to the soil (well top-dressed) of America. There are several reasons (buried in this essay) why Miss Moore's poetry is almost completely neglected in England, beside the simple reason that it is too good, "in this age of hard striving," to be appreciated anywhere.

And there is one final, and "magnificent" compliment: Miss Moore's poetry is as "feminine" as Christina Rossetti's, one never forgets that it is written by a woman; but with both one never thinks of this particularity as anything but a positive virtue.

T. S. ELIOT

MRS SCOTT'S ESCAPADE

ESCAPADE. By Evelyn Scott. 8vo. 286 pages. Thomas Seltzer. \$3.

IN America where there are no Rebecca Wests, May Sinclairs, or Virginia Woolfs, one is forced to make a place for so able a writer as Evelyn Scott although this astringent author lacks the depth of passion and richness of texture of Miss West, the succinct ironic detachment of Miss Sinclair, and the vigorous culture of Mrs Woolf. Hers is an almost surgically incisive craftsmanship combined with an infinite capacity for defiance and a certain tense receptivity to the changing cadences of weather and scene. We have now to add to her two novels and her short book of poems a fragment of her autobiography.

Driven from a *bourgeois* group, decorously shuttered in conventional codes, she and her intrepid companion establish themselves in a remote part of Brazil where the days pass either in "a brightness of being that blankly illumines the hours" or else in barren misery. We are instructed in the pangs of childbirth, endure an ensuing obstetrical operation from which no details are spared, and are finally deposited with the two haggard lovers, their baby, an unfortunate relative named Nannette, and a black servant in a spot far more remote from comforts and companionship than the last spot which we had supposed the very most remote and uncomfortable in existence. The ensuing narrative is one which would melt the heart of even a Squire Shandy though so often emitted in a shrewish key. It is not our sympathies with the actual situation that are ever called in question. But we long for some observation either more simple or more profound. We weary of Evelyn Scott's reiterated allusions to the contours and habits of her body. This surely is not a sensitive young girl in her early twenties bewildered and artless who is writing of her distress, but a clever nervously alert sophisticated woman tilting at the wooden sentinels of prejudice with the vicious little rapier of her neatly turned epigrams; a young woman thoroughly *au courant* with modern authors from D. H. Lawrence to James Joyce and one who sees a fading experi-

ence, bitter though it undoubtedly was, through an acquired literary medium.

There is a curious lack of fusion which one comes to recognize as studied in Evelyn Scott's style. Miniature typhoons of staccato sentences are continually whirled up from the main stream of her story interrupting its continuity. "Frogs bark. Stark white moon. Eternal peace. Blind house. Earth gives up radiance." One can of course construct a picture from loose fragments of coloured glass, but at the same time one prefers to see them in an integrated harmony that demands no such artificial manipulation. It is often, too, in the midst of her most lyrical expressions that she uses this clipped phrasing so popular at the present time.

It is interesting to note that over and over again the author's similes revert to various metal substances almost as if she were attempting to rid herself of something hard and unyielding in her own breast, thrusting it recurrently away from her into the landscape only to have it reappear with a slight change of phrasing in each succeeding page. This is carried sometimes to a point of absurdity—"the blueness of a heaven that was angry like a stone," "trees go black with an iron slowness," "heavy metal sobs," "stiff wind like shredded iron." But one might continue indefinitely.

The adventure ends with a sudden fantastic episode, out of which, fighting against ennui, one struggles to construct a lucid meaning and fails. If the digression had been more amusing, its drift somewhat more boldly implied, the author could have afforded to laugh with cunning satisfaction over the perplexity of her critics. But such is obviously not the case.

In laying down this delightfully bound and printed book with its attractive yellow jacket one is gratified to know that, like black acid projected from a glittering white-blooded fish, Evelyn Scott's corroding hatred of stuffiness and injustice has been loosed in such a very stuffy and unjust world. Where love ceases to instruct, hate at least rouses to defence. But art is after all a matter somewhat outside these querulous and stormy considerations.

ALYSE GREGORY

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

THE CONQUERED. By Naomi Mitchison. 12mo. 317 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE writing of a first-rate historical novel demands not only a thorough knowledge of the selected period, but also considerable imaginative power, and, most important of all, a high order of literary tact. It is extremely doubtful whether Mrs Mitchison is sufficiently endowed with the two latter qualifications.

Her book, *The Conquered*, is concerned with the subjection of Gaul by Julius Caesar and the plot of her story has to do with the friendship that springs up between the Roman officer, Titus, and his servant the enslaved Gaul, Meromic—a friendship pregnant with the kind of drama which inevitably rises out of a conflict between patriotism and a personal relationship.

In spite of the book's historic accuracy one's illusion of reality is continually being unsettled by the obtrusion of this or that word of modern association. So much is this the case that, for the first time, one comes to appreciate how invaluable can be, on occasions, the old-fashioned device of using archaic language in this sort of writing. For example, when Mrs Mitchison causes Meromic and Fiommar to indulge in the following dialogue one feels one's sense of the appropriate thoroughly outraged. In historic fiction the mere suspicion of jocosity is dangerous and when it is suggestive of any modern variety of facetiousness all but fatal. The two barbarians have been enjoying a swim near their favourite Crabland.

"I shan't be able to do this when I'm married!" sighed Fiommar, putting on her clothes.

"Oh, do stop about being married!" the brother answered. "It's not that a bit, it's getting old. Uncle's not married, but he never goes swimming about—I wish he did!"

"It conjured up, for both of them the infinitely ludicrous picture of the Druid uncle swimming very solemnly and completely in long white robes, with his mistletoe wreath just the tiniest bit on one

side. 'Singing hymns' suggested Fiommar; 'and excommunicating the sharks,' added her brother."

But it would be unfair to leave the impression that the average level of Mrs Mitchison's writing is as vulgar and silly as this. On occasions she can do far better, as for instance when she so happily puts us in touch with the rude hilarity of the Gallic rabble who have treacherously taken Titus prisoner while he is buying grain.

"One of them rode up with a sack of corn across his horse's back behind, a bag of gold in front; he shouted, 'I've been marketing with the Romans!'"

That is excellent. As we read it we know it is just what *might have happened*. Indeed this art of plausibly reconstructing the mood and atmosphere of the dead past is a most subtle one. Strangely enough any attempt at exact realism almost inevitably destroys the sense of reality, the best effects being won, it would seem, by vagueness and omission. The simple allusion to Fiommar "putting on her clothes" reveals an injudicious use of words; still more, perhaps, is this so when we are told that the "blood was sticky on her dress." In both cases more uncertain words should surely have been selected, words that would have left the imagination free from too familiar associations.

However, in those backgrounds of her story which reflect certain aspects of nature, where infallibility is as a rule assumed, her work is often marred by inaccuracy of observation. Lerrys, the Gaul, is led to a Druidical Grove in Britain to take a false oath, but one's conviction as to the reality of the scene is in no way increased by being told that the "foxgloves rocked in the breeze" when any one who is familiar with the woods of England in the late summer knows that these particular flowers have long passed their time of blooming by the latter end of August. In the same way our sense of the reality of Meromic's journey from France to Italy is decidedly diminished by the information that "Overhead the new, bright stars crowded the sky." In so short a migration southward it would require an extremely punctilious astronomical observer to note any difference in the constellations at all.

After the manner of Salammbô much of the book consists in descriptions of the sanguinary brutalities of the age; so much so, in fact, that one comes to feel at last that the obvious bias of the author towards sentimentality is mitigated by more interesting proclivities.

Walter Pater in his portrayal of Cornelius has shown us how wearisome imaginary young Romans can be when they are distinguished for goodness and nice feeling and in her concluding chapter Mrs Mitchison fairly lets herself go in describing the felicitous domesticity of the Titus *ménage*. For certain readers the value of *The Conquered* may be fairly gauged by the following quotation:

"He had come in late one day, after being out since daybreak, and found his wife cutting long branches of oleander from the tall bushes where the evening sun still rested. Under an arbutus tree by the edge of the stream his two children were playing with their nurse and maid: he heard their high little voices across the lawn and smiled. Aemilia came to him with her arms full of branches. 'Where have you been today?' . . . 'I went over and had dinner with Lerrys. . . . I found Coisha in the kitchen making some of those delicious little cakes of hers; you never give me anything half so good!'

"She laughed 'You know you only like them because they're Gallic; if I made them and said they were Greek you'd think nothing of them! I suppose the baby's beginning to walk now?'

LLEWELYN POWYS

SIN

THE ROAD TO CALVARY. By *Alexey Tolstoy*. 12mo.
451 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

THE obsession of certain types of intellect by sin deserves a study it has never received. One might expect to find it confined largely to men whose thinking was formulated before the development of the jungle of theories and observed facts which we call psychology, but Alexey Tolstoy offers a modern instance. He is overwhelmingly conscious of the sinful impulses in men's hearts, and the clear case he presents for the suggested study is not complicated by any discernible traces of the mystic or puritan. Rather he seems a weary, cynical man-about-town who, knowing all the vices well enough to label them, returns in the old age of his spirit to a delighted, open-mouthed contemplation of virtue. In assaying sin and virtue, it must be added, he is strictly orthodox, seeing morals rather as code of thou shalt not's let down on a scroll from heaven, than as an evolution of taboos and rules of conduct, changing not a little from one century to another.

Yet as a perfect specimen of an intellect concerned with sin one flaw may be found—his desire to prove the main thesis of his book. To him the Revolution is not the product of long accruing, intolerable social injustice, but a retribution for the sinful personal lives of Russian people in general and in particular of the Russian intellectuals, who in their degenerate and pitiable condition even flirted fatuously with the ideas of the pimply, womanish, thievish, and otherwise execrable revolutionaries.

For in addition to being the work of a man of letters with some claims on our attention, this is a refugee's lament, thrown together in almost frantic haste to tell the world what it should believe. Evidently the haste increased as the book proceeded. Some of the first scenes, and particularly those in which his straw-stuffed intellectuals huff and puff and blow the house down, are reasonably vivid, reminding the reader of the typical popular story satirizing the Greenwich Village of a few years ago. Later the scenes are

indicated rather than realized and the reader is able to differentiate various characters chiefly because they wear names.

Except that they both cover a large canvas, this book bears no vaguest resemblance to War and Peace. Nor is Alexey to be compared with Lyof Tolstoy. If one must seek analogies he is a very sick Dostoevsky suffering for the moment under the hallucination that he is Rasputin. It is to be expected that the imitator of a great master should lack his art. In addition Alexey Tolstoy seems to have missed the essential fact that no matter how fantastic Dostoevsky's episodes may be they are "directly referable to the fundamental operations of the spirit." Thus the nightmare delusion which causes Svidrigailov in Crime and Punishment to see a shrivelled prostitute in the face of a fresh young girl, is a stroke of genius, while the midnight attempt of Bezsonov, the decadent poet, to break into the room of Dasha, the chaste heroine of The Road to Calvary, is pure melodrama.

L'homme moyen sensuel, like the Teliegin of the book, sees little but the surfaces of life. The great thinker clarifies. Numerous hybrids occupy the middle ground between these two extremes and among them there emerge occasionally, emotional, obscure, groping intellects which peer into many dark corners and stir up seemingly clear waters. For some reason their heaving, laborious efforts at the interpretation of life are clogged and sterile. They seem almost to be swamped by their own profundity. The work of such an intellect, complex and intriguing, this is nevertheless a muddy book, although the reader abandons reluctantly his hope, cherished for the first hundred pages or so, that it is going to take up the story of the Russian people where it was dropped by Chekhov and Gorki.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

THE INFLAMMABLE SLAV

DOSTOEVSKY: LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES. *Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. 8vo. 286 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.*

THIS fresh collection of Dostoevsky's letters which, with the permission of the present Russian government, has now been released for translation adds no new facts to our knowledge of the life of this writer. Besides eight letters sent from Geneva and Dresden to A. N. Maikov, already the recipient of many of the most interesting of Dostoevsky's letters in an earlier volume (1914) there are several to Pobiedonszev, one of unusual interest written on the eve of his banishment to Siberia to his brother, and a number to his wife from Moscow, where he had gone for the famous Pushkin celebration. The volume also includes a fragment of his wife's reminiscences taken from her memoirs, which, it is understood, are to be published in their entirety at a later date, thus making of somewhat dubious wisdom the appearance of the present chapter.

Once more we see him in these letters—the perturbed, inflammable, and extreme Slav, so simple, so easily disarmed, so generously credulous—driven mad by poverty—writing, destroying in despair, and again flinging off page after page at breakneck speed, goaded on by accumulating debts which no amount of industry seems ever to diminish. “All the money I have is 30 francs; everything to the very last rag, mine and my wife's, has been pawned. My debts are urgent, pressing, *immediate* . . .” he writes to his friend, and after his death his wife plaintively remarks “Indeed, until the very end of his life Fiodor Mihailovich had not written a single novel with which he was satisfied himself; and the cause of this was our debts.”

Protruding nervously, distractedly even, is his familiar dislike of everything foreign, his apprehensive nostalgia for Russia. “A writer should not leave his country for a long time, he should live

one life with her; otherwise he is lost," or "It is better for me to sit in the debtor's prison in Russia than to remain abroad."

The simplicity and mildness of his wife's portion of the book, her reiterated devotion, and pat little assurances of her obedience and loyalty might almost be termed prosaic. Yet now and then she describes with an engaging archness certain incidents of her and her husband's life together. In commenting on his well-known attacks of jealousy she shows him to us driven to a frenzy of resentment by a timorous admirer who devoted his attentions exclusively to her merely as a means of securing favour in the eyes of the famous author. Dostoevsky, like a character in one of his own novels, finally gives a crashing blow to a nearby table, breaking a glass and nearly upsetting a lighted lamp, seizes his coat, flings himself out of the door, and starts running distractedly up the road while after him follows his loyal and exasperated wife calling loudly "Fedya, Fedya, are you mad? Where are you running?" Indeed, one sees traces of this same riding suspicion in his anxious and touchingly delicate letters to her from Moscow. "My lovely, dearest, darling Anya," one of them begins, and ends "I keep on having very bad dreams, nightmares about your being unfaithful to me with others." Even his exhilaration over the spectacular part he is to play in the great celebration is overshadowed by his eagerness to return to his family in the cramped, shabby rooms, where every morning new creditors sit angrily on the rickety rented chairs, rooms where hours of anguish and joy so strangely intermingle.

Fresh proof of his resentment toward Turgenev is revealed, "Turgenev has only *clacquers*, but my people have true enthusiasm." That the temporary embrace which passed between the two on the crest of Dostoevsky's overwhelming triumph was but a momentary lowering of hostilities is already well enough known.

One regrets in the translation of this material the use of certain verbal vulgarities usually associated with the insincerity and lack of taste of the English middle classes, and the presence of these seriously interferes with the strength and dignity of the original text, as for instance "seedy," "smithereens," "awful lot," to mention only a few.

As with Dostoevsky's novels so in reading over the present collection one's critical faculties forgo their habitual vigilance, and one is lost in speculation over the mysterious qualities of a person-

ality so strangely limited and yet so inexplicably without boundaries. His belief in orthodoxy, his ardent nationalism, his fidelity to the Tzar, here once more so clearly discernible, must have been deeply inimical to many of the atheistical and cynical youth who received his words as if they were the only words of truth in all Russia, who marched blindly behind his banner, and wept at the very mention of his name. The old rigid concepts of right and wrong withered at his lightest touch, and he could create from some magical depth in himself a whole singular thickly peopled universe where were violated at every turn the sacred and accepted canons of art; and still our sympathy and attention instead of flagging remain more and more penetrated, all the safe little partitions of our habitual judgements shattered, as in a trance we expose ourselves to this new and passionately extreme world. Is it then to be wondered at that the other great obliterator of modern false values, Friederich Nietzsche himself, could write "He (Dostoevsky) belongs to the happiest windfalls of my life, happier even than the discovery of Stendhal"?

ALYSE GREGORY

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE. By Arthur Schnitzler. 16mo.
169 pages. Nicholas L. Brown. \$1.50.

THE ordinary observer is a phrase ill-favoured in most eyes, because people have linked the essentially revolting trio; ordinary, common, and vulgar in an overwhelming slur. The ordinary observer is not always the ultimate criterion of all creative effort. There are works of cabalistic appeal to which the ordinary observer can never do justice, but they are, by their very nature, eternally esoteric, and sleep well on library shelves. The ordinary observer is an intelligent, decently educated person who demands that a book exhibit some excuse for his reading it.

The ordinary observer is perhaps faintly at a loss in regard to Arthur Schnitzler. He has the cabalistic appeal; he cannot be classified, being a little of everything from realist to symbolist to romanticist. He lies thwart the canons of the schools, helping himself impartially. Now the ordinary observer knows that it is a serious mistake to suppose that rules are hampering things. Even Boileau, who was very near being hampered by them, knew better, and proposed that hypothesis more important than all his alexandrines; rules are a short cut to excellence. Arthur Schnitzler happens to be one of those people who attain excellence inevitably, and short cuts do not interest him. The ordinary observer realizes that, but he realizes just as acutely that Schnitzler's work has flaws, brutal and exasperating flaws. A quotation from *The Shepherd's Pipe* indicates their nature:

"Suddenly melodious sounds became disengaged from the silence of the valley which lay gray in the dawn. Dionysia opened her eyes and listened, her expression which had been relaxed in despairing weariness assumed new life. Erasmus noticed it, and immediately released Dionysia from his embrace.

" 'Do you recognise the sound that is rising to us?' he asked, 'They are the notes of a shepherd's pipe. And see, without wishing to confess it to yourself and without being really quite aware of it,

curiosity stirs you who a moment ago sought death, to discover whose lips touch the pipe from which those sounds rise. . . .”

There is no co-operation between the writer and his characters. The second paragraph is distressing in its expatiation; the reader knows what Erasmus tells Dionysia before he tells it; he is a martyr to a curious sort of reality (for it is undeniably reality) a vividness of such sort as to defy analysis even as it defys synthesis. That much may be said in defence of one who needs no defence. It is his privilege to indulge in the obvious, and his power is unimpaired by weakness which would well-nigh wreck another writer.

Keen wit, linked to this indescribable and inimitable gift, can well save Schnitzler. His stories are not good; the disjointed and rather clumsily contrived wanderings of Dionysia, the trivially incidental tale of *The Murderer*, the petty affair of the blind brother, are neither clever nor compelling. Oddly enough, it takes a good deal of thought to realize this. They are written in such a way that they become tremendously important. Dionysia as the symbol of Woman—she is highly Viennese in her capacity for adultery—is conducted through assorted aspects of life with a cleverness which actually fascinates; it is the sort of amazing skill which one is conscious of in a marksman who can spin quarters with one hand and put revolver bullets into them with the other, it is hopelessly inimitable. The ordinary observer cannot escape a reverent admiration for Schnitzler.

Chiefly it is his absolute command of the art of making reality which places him surely in the ambiguous class called geniuses. That is no matter of voluminous and insanely accurate note books of a Goncourt; it results only in truth to life, a not over interesting thing in many cases. Schnitzler's characters are not copies of actual types, they are actual types. Alfred in *The Murderer* is nothing more than an amazingly intricate psychological study; he doesn't exist. But Schnitzler creates him much in the manner of God creating Adam; he breathes on the dust. It does not at all matter that Alfred is an impossible character in trivial circumstances; he is made not only possible, but probable and even necessary, and what he does becomes of the highest importance, all by a mere act of arbitrary creation on the author's part. This is very difficult to explain if it can be explained at all; it doesn't happen once in a hun-

dred years of writing; there are no terms to cover it and it is realizable only in the reading. It is enough to make the ordinary observer correctly sceptical, even as he will be blindingly convinced, and the critic is in a fair way to become a salesman.

Unfortunately there can be no money back guarantee. The editor in his introduction points out the fact that Schnitzler's philosophy is not pleasant, all the more not pleasant because he can endow what he chooses to create with a crushing convincingness. There is a monotone of pessimism which pervades his work and which will prevent it from capturing a large audience. Like the traveller in the story of *The Blind Geronimo*, life appears unexplained, inexplicable, precipitating tragedy with flawless nonchalance. The ordinary observer, who will be filled with a holy joy by the sheer niceness and powerful excellence of *The Blind Geronimo*, will be at the same time reluctant to accept the dejecting doctrine which is Schnitzler's offering to later reflection. He is intelligent enough to estimate the best of all possible worlds accurately, but he is wise enough to dislike such breath-taking emphasis on the unavoidable. He is also wise enough to know that such an impertinence as mediocre Continental philosophy cannot affect his sincere appreciation of ability which must be universally recognized. So while the ordinary observer is not going to like *The Shepherd's Pipe* and *Other Stories* as well as *Casanova's Homecoming*, he is going to understand the genius of Arthur Schnitzler very much better, and no one can do that without admiration.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

BRIEFER MENTION

THE BACK SEAT, by G. B. Stern (12mo, 240 pages; Knopf: \$2) is a neat, satirical comedy of family life, or of that substitute for family life which a popular actress and her husband and daughters can achieve. On the surface it is a very successful compromise that Leonora and her stay-at-home husband have instituted, but the surface cracks and the daughters insist on growing up and annexing such properties of their mother as stage careers, a lover, and the popular favour. The back seat itself shifts its position, and is occupied by various members of the family in turn. Leonora is, however, the liveliest and strongest of the family, and despite a temporary eclipse emerges triumphantly in the foreground again, while Robert retreats to the back seat to count over the years before his Leonora shall retire from the stage and make him comfortable. The child Sally ought to be broadcasted for the benefit of all child psychologists. Her "Narcissus complex" is—to the reader—a new sort of farce, delightfully funny, and convincing as well.

JANE—OUR STRANGER, by Mary Borden (12mo, 353 pages; Knopf: \$2.50) depicts the ineffectual dent made in the adamant composite of pre-war Parisian aristocracy by a wealthy, strong, naively moral American woman. The first half of the book reaches descriptive tentacles about the plot and renders thoughtfully and suavely the overtones of French social culture. The latter half, narrated by Jane herself, releases the action with dramatic objectivity. The effect of the novel is that of a painting in flat colours done by a hand that knows how to give design to unusual flexibilities of style and to convey an impression of substance by outlines.

BUNK, by W. E. Woodward (12mo, 370 pages; Harper: \$2) is a laudable try at keeping three bright-hued balls in the air at the same time. One is satire, another is fiction, and the third is philosophy. It's a good trick, if you can do it; Mr Woodward isn't quite agile enough. Just when he works up to the applause, he drops one of the balls, and the spectators—having seen H. G. Wells put over the same act years ago on the big time—walk out on him.

TANTALUS, by Dorothy Easton (12mo, 297 pages; Knopf: \$2.50) traces the revitalization of a middle-aged English vicar, habituated to an outworn creed, through his love affair with a young French governess. The subtleties necessary to lend distinction to a not unusual story are discriminatively chosen and placed with admirable casualness where they are least looked for and yet most effective. The nature background, which gives the keynote to the emotional development, is painted in with reticent words that somehow are fresh and evocative. In spite of breathless sentences and meaningless exclamation marks a spontaneity is conveyed that is delightful in itself and particularly appropriate to a book written about the spirit of youth.

THE SUN FIELD, by Heywood Broun (12mo, 204 pages; Putnam: \$2) is an essayist's second, and less successful, attempt at fiction. The essays which were shot whole into the thin fabric of *The Boy Grew Older* are here more skilfully crumbled in by way of dialogues which are hardly conversations. The theme is sound: a ball player's life entangled with that of a bluestocking and their effects one on the other. But a faint air of artificiality hangs over the ball field as it does over the editorial sanctum of "say, *The New Republic*" and the names of living people and the street numbers one recognizes stare out of the pages like living eyes behind paper masks. Earlier Mr Broun broke all the rules and wrote an entertainingly bad novel; in this one he actually achieves dulness, chiefly because his interest in players and in pedants never quite becomes creative.

GRAVEN IMAGE, by Margaret Widdemer (12mo, 319 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2) is the work of a conventional and confused mind striving for clarity and freedom of outlook, but attaining neither. The theme is the viciousness of family pride, which, based upon fictitious virtue and strengthened by aggressiveness, is an imposition on all who come in contact with it. But the counter-theme, the triumph of family solidarity that is tolerant, obscures the moral issue. The emotions of the characters are reiterated until they are meaningless and escape the reader's realization. And as a conclusive, if comparatively superficial, evidence of the uncertainty of the author's mind, the syntax is loose and the writing of indifferent quality.

A LIGHTER OF FLAMES, by William S. Hart (12mo, 246 pages; Crowell: \$2) is—as they say in the advertisements—"not a movie," but there is every reason why it should be, and ample grounds for suspecting that it is even now being cut up into reels. Most of the sub-titles can be lifted from the text without embellishment, and all the action can be shouted through a megaphone by any literate young man with the visor of his cap worn behind. The picture star has romanced about Patrick Henry in a narrative more flowery than the prize-winning float in a Pasadena parade. Every phrase is a studio orchid; every page a still.

ROBERT E. LEE, by John Drinkwater (12mo, 128 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$1.50) recreates the atmosphere of the southern side of the Civil War very charmingly. Lee is presented as a soldier with a creed which would make a socialist gasp, but which steadies its owner in his choice of sides in the war, and makes possible his simple, brave devotion to a cause. A group of Virginian youths, "the flower of the south" lend atmosphere, and lighten the sombre situation, until the final tragedy extinguishes even their bravery of wit. Mr Drinkwater has been unusually successful in this play, and in his *Abraham Lincoln* in seizing not merely the spirit of the days of secession, but in bringing out the quality of the great leaders of both north and south. He realizes the hero worship which an American would have wrapped about both Lincoln and Lee, and without partaking of it, he still maintains an air of reverence, and displays in his drawing of their characters, those qualities which have made worship possible. He has not been so successful with the southern idiom, which, in this play, is undeniably British in certain details.

GALIMATHIAS, by Matthew Josephson (8vo, 46 pages; Broom: \$1). To discover fresh idioms; to regard familiar objects in the light of another poetry; to be personal and new: these qualities are praised in theory and until they are attained. For Galimathias they procured only a brief chorus of ridicule, justified in small part by the fact that it has the defects of its qualities. Often it tortures the language needlessly. It has gusto, however, and a satisfying loud rhetoric and movement as fine as a Swiss watch. The critics who damned the book most briefly, even, out of their irritation with new forms of beauty, should have been able to appreciate the cadence of a phrase like, "The white foam of the long cataract which from beginning to end is not the colour of water."

SECOND CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY, edited by Charles Wharton Stork (12mo, 208 pages; Dutton: \$3) consists of poems selected from the last three years' issue of Mr Stork's magazine, prefaced by an article on the aims of the magazine, and the editor's definition of poetry. "I believe in this anthology," Mr Stork states, "because I have had so little to do with its making." And yet he has surely had as much to do with its making as can be done by an editor who sets a premium on certain qualities in poetry and gives them the freedom of his magazine. The qualities here encouraged are simplicity, direct appeal, "humanism," "as opposed to the egotism of the futurists." Some of the verse thus selected is of very high rank. In rather a large per cent of the rest, picturesqueness and form are more prominent than intensity of feeling. There is such a thing as trying too hard to be universal, but at least there are poems enough in the one hundred thirty-nine of this anthology to please several tastes.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE LIFE OF JESUS, by George Berguer, translated by Eleanor and Van Wyck Brooks (8vo, 332 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$4) is an attempt to turn psychoanalysis to the services of religion. Christ's appeal is situated in the fact that his own life was a parallel in actuality to the various myths and legends exemplifying the "Oedipus complex," and thus he "translated into life the secular dream of the peoples." By an emphasis on psychological rather than historico-empirical truth, the author is able to preserve the miracles even in the act of explaining them away. His distinction between spiritual truth and the degeneration of such truth into material fictions, and his examination into the laws underlying such degeneration no doubt call for an enormous amount of skill, so that the book, while it contains bits of subtle exegesis, does not suffer from vagueness and shiftiness of approach.

★

DAMAGED SOULS, by Gamaliel Bradford (12mo, 385 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3). This is a gallery of psychological portraits of men prominent in American public life. The portraits rely on many documents and letters for details, the virtues of each man being dwelt upon by way of proof that he was merely damaged, not lost. The author feels that the common characteristic of the group is lack of analysis of their own motives and natures, coupled with limitless discussion and explanation of their conduct. The book is interesting, and on the whole, more than average fair in its conclusions.

THE CHILD AT HOME, by Cynthia Asquith (12mo, 278 pages; Scribner: \$1.75) might be described as a conservative manual for mothers who have no need to consider the economic aspects of their maternal relations; it indicates—with not too much condescension—how they can “get on” with their children, maintain the proper social and intellectual contacts, and that sort of thing. Lady Asquith recommends reading a Shakespeare play aloud as “an excellent family occupation”; also, in having the little one’s picture taken for the precious album, it is a “waste of money to go to a cheap photographer.”

AS I LIKE IT, by William Lyon Phelps (12mo, 236 pages; Scribner: \$2). In this volume of random opinions gathered up from Scribner’s Magazine, we see Mr Phelps discuss very patiently whether or not *This Freedom* is a greater book than *If Winter Comes*; we learn of his delight in reading Christopher Morley; and we watch while, with simple impregnability, he informs us that he is both a Puritan and a Rotarian. One is always a bit disarmed by Mr Phelps, he writes with such tolerance and good nature, indeed he possesses any number of sterling qualities—even has them printed, as it were, on his business cards like a telephone number. In this volume Mr Phelps’ opinions range anywhere from the bluntly wrong to the bluntly right, it doesn’t much matter which.

RACE AND NATIONAL SOLIDARITY, by Charles Conant Josey (12mo, 227 pages; Scribner: \$2.50) is an argument for the intensification of group consciousness on the part of the white race and for a policy of deliberate exploitation designed to insure its world dominance. This thesis is theoretically more rational than the ideal of internationalism inveighed against; but it is even less empirical. The author successfully deflates illusory ethical values sanctified by democracy. He is less sound in his reasoning about politics and economics, and does not take the possibly very active development of the subject-races into consideration. The book lacks the trenchant dryness that makes for clarity and force in an argument; too much of it is in the form of a pedagogical peroration.

BUILDING THE AMERICAN NATION, by Nicholas Murray Butler (12mo, 374 pages; Scribner: \$2.50). In this series of lectures, written to be delivered in England, Mr Butler sketches in strictly orthodox fashion an outline of American history from the beginnings of colonial federation up to the present. The author succeeds in implicating his facts very smoothly with the portraits and policies of leading American statesmen. On reading the pages on the revolution, we see how admirably fitted Mr Butler was for his diplomatic task of interpreting America to England, for he insists that all the faculties which the colonies possessed for revolution were in the direct line of English tradition. The somewhat difficult problem of Jefferson is handled with equal ingenuity. If the book adds nothing to American history, at any rate the review of the facts is clearly and earnestly performed.

COMMENT

GRYLL GRANGE, by the author of *Headlong Hall*, is no masterpiece, but it is full of nearly everything and reading it for no accountable reason we have discovered in it texts for two discourses. One of Peacock's *bêtes noires*, it would appear, were the Pantopragmatists, those who fancied that by reducing all knowledge to easily assimilatable terms, they could make all humanity virtuous and wise. The process has gone on, and with no snobbish desire to save any portion of art or science for ourselves we must confess our feeling that some of the pantopragmatists have done their work ill. They have made their large section of the life of the mind easy; but they haven't cared enough for it to make it noble. We doubt even whether they have made it interesting.

Books for children, if we may add our word to the annual discussion, are still superior in one way—they have to be interesting. Perhaps entertaining is the better word—for entertainment is true nourishment, and only a small mind conceives entertainment as trivial. Children are not yet dragooned into reading, and many books published for them are delicately conceived and presented with allurements. Theirs are long, long thoughts, and they know where to take their fun.

The second, graver, matter is suggested by the structure of *Gryll Grange*. It is a series of conversations about everything; an Aristophanic comedy is produced and nine love affairs (seven, however, at one blow) are consummated in the course of these endless talks, full of allusions and citations from all the learned tongues. It is in a society based on leisure that this occurs; it is also in a society which knew what to do with leisure.

From that to the texture of our actual lives is a long step. We fight bitterly for our leisure and, gaining it, fret it away in the search of such a society as will nourish it and make it fruitful. Because earnest artists flee vulgar society, they are occasionally compelled to be solitary, and there is seldom the free communication between workers in the seven arts which the workers in each require for sanity and for a little happiness.

We have heard that a society capable of satisfying the necessities of artists exists abroad. It seems so to us indeed; in Paris, for example, where an American is outside the quarrels of groups and individuals, it seems to him that painters and poets and musicians and critics can meet, without forming rigid groups, and interchange ideas—and even half-ideas.

We do not see such a free interchange in America. In New York one must be "grouped" or not exist. And the intellectual poverty, the thinness, of some of the artists whose natural gifts are great is due in part to this. Mr Van Wyck Brooks has traced in his essays on James a few steps in the passage of a genius who needed an intellectual web more varied, more cunningly and more lovingly wrought than our own. One can anticipate the conclusion that flight from America is inadvisable; for many it is impossible; and the deep damnation which seems to threaten Europe is not reassuring for its own future, not to speak of its capacity to offer anything to a stranger. We must try once more at home for this association of creative minds, we must find for ourselves the means and the method to bring them into fructifying contact.

THE THEATRE

ON the eve of Signora Duse's appearance it would be natural to write about acting—and it would be simple, too, if the current season gave that art honour except in the breach. I do not mean that there are no satisfactory performances; nor that there are many unsuccessful attempts at great acting. What I mean is that on the strict and legitimate stage the effort to act is rapidly disappearing. I have never seen Duse; but even if every report about her excellence were misleading, there could be no question of her intention, of her style. She is, by every account, an actress; and the necessity to be an actress, or an actor, is one of those compulsions which civilization, or something, has considerably relaxed. Its place has been taken by the opportunity to be attractive, or a "personality," or a character.

In the case of Miss Ann Harding the talent for acting is genuine, and it is only a question whether she will be able to resist much more dangerous direction than she received in *TARNISH*. (By direction I mean also the lack of it.) Too frequently the projected character slipped into something else—the remembered way in which some other actress imitated a still more distant progenitor in a similar scene. The play was exceptionally interesting for one thing, a matter of capital importance—that the interplay of two human beings (the father and the mother) entangled a third, and actually were the "forces" which created the situation. Neither the plot nor the theme was so good; but an internal rightness held the play together and should have taught the director to prevent Miss Harding from ever falling out of character.

THE SWAN is a great satisfaction, and as far as Mr David Burton is responsible for it, he is responsible for the nearest thing to an unmixed delight I have seen this season. Miss Hilda Spong has been quite unintelligently criticized for over-acting. She is simply a perfect baroque, wholly in the tone of one side, the comic side, of the play. I have never seen Miss Le Gallienne play so well—although I wonder whether she does not err in the other extreme.

It is all too tragic, too seriously conceived, too consciously the great young actress who can do second-rate poetic drama. She has a certain gift for comedy which she suppresses, in the interest not of the myth she creates, not of the character, but of herself. There is another flaw in the piece, and that may be the fault of the audience. The highest *comic* moment is when Mr Merivale, as the Prince, kisses the tutor—a precise parallel to the highest *dramatic* moment, an act earlier, when the Princess does it. The second kiss was accepted as being also dramatic; it should be pure comedy.

I should be happy to believe that every player in every piece required the director to announce, at the beginning, what the *style* of the piece was, and that every audience required all the players to be in that style. Galsworthy's *WINDOWS* and Molnar's *LAUNZI* were both directed without any such integral conception of the style of the play, and the disastrous failure of the latter was the result. It was a psychological drama in which the external events after the first act meant nothing, and it seemed all played for these events. If *WINDOWS* turn out a success—it will not be the first time The Theatre Guild has Shaw to thank.

I had the good fortune to see The Ziegfeld *FOLLIES* after time and pressure of time had eliminated most of its excrescences. In the thirty-odd remaining numbers there are still some dreadfully soft spots, rapturously acknowledged by the audience (as is the Garden of Kama in the *GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES* by an audience which underrates the fine macabre work of the Two Briants and the other excellent acrobats there). Even apart from these spots Mr Ziegfeld's offering is not enough of a climax to be a farewell. For one thing there isn't enough humour, nor are there enough good songs. The best song was introduced for Miss Ann Pennington and is, I think, by Louis A. Hirsch. Miss Pennington and Eddie Cantor substituted for Bert Wheeler, and he must be very good indeed to require both of them as a makeweight. They cheered up and jazzed up the piece considerably. Miss Brice by a wise decision cut out all her sentimental songs and scenes, and some of her comic ones are in her highest vein. Edna Leedom and Linda are the other high spots—not to speak of the high swinging of an attractive chorus.

G. S.

MODERN ART

I HAVE a suspicion now that *gendarmes* were dotted more thickly about the entrance of the little Théâtre Michel the night of the modern art "evening" than the apparently innocent programme of music and recitations warranted. Certainly they were called for and were of great use just as soon as the proceedings got under way, but I wonder now how they came to be so conveniently there. Did young Mr Tzara, who was the author of several of the poems and also of the little dramatic sketch a portion of which we almost heard later on, tip them off, thinking it might add to the fun? And did the commissioner of police in detailing his men for the job instruct them to go easy? The psychology of those police gets me. There was such an uproar, you see, and seething-mob stuff, and flashing police clubs, and villains carried struggling over the heads of the audience and forcibly propelled through the door, and yet when all was over, no one went to jail, and no one had been hurt, not even a scratch. I puzzle over this the more since Mr Tzara threatens to translate the scene of his activities to New York and actually contemplates an "evening" here. Could our highly sensitized policemen stand it, do you suppose? And go away nicely at the end merely shrugging their shoulders at "these artists"? As Mrs Asquith said when the reporters became too tumultuous with their questions, "I wonder!"

The Théâtre Michel evening failed a trifle I thought from being over managed. There must be an uproar, of course, and scandalized upholders of virtue must protest shriekingly against the licence that comes to them from the stage, but in arranging for this Mr Tzara secured more shriekers than things to be shrieked at. His *bravi* were so impetuous and unrestrained that at the very first line of the very first poem they shrieked themselves, the police aiding, out of the theatre. Young Mr de Massot had a tiny poem each line of which said that somebody died upon the field of honour. He began, "*Madame Sarah Bernhardt est morte sur le champ d'honneur*," and immediately the *bravi* shouted "Thank God" and otherwise misbehaved themselves. By the time two or three well-known people had died *sur le champ d'honneur* in Mr de Massot's

poem the whole house was standing upon its feet and two of the interrupters had actually mounted the stage to strike Mr de Massot, the one with a fist upon the cheek and the other with a walking stick upon the shoulders. There was only time to get in about two resounding whacks before the *agents de police* bore the intruders, as I said, amid much flashing of police clubs, over the heads of the audience to the exit. Then the hale reader went on in absolute silence to tell us who the others were who had died upon the field of honour, and for half an hour or three-quarters, there was a boresome, respectable silence for everything on the programme, even for Man Ray's quite terribly-insulting-to-our-intelligence moving picture. But by the time the dramatic offering of Mr Tzara was reached, the belligerent *bravi* had somehow crept back into the purlieu of the Théâtre Michel and were there to shout and to mount upon the stage and to finally stop the performance. They were undoubtedly the same *bravi* and the query is to me, how did they fix it up with those *gendarmes* so to re-enter the arena like that. What took place between them and the police outside? Did the police say, "Now will you promise to be good if we let you go in again?" and did they promise, or what? At any rate it is possible to envy Paris her police system. We have nothing like it here. I had to explain to Mr Tzara that we martyrize the first person who does anything in America and that our martyrdoms are not amusing and do not necessarily lead to much. I cited the Gorki incident for him—of the hectoring Gorki received because of the lady who came with him and who was not Madame Gorki. I explained that now half Greenwich Village lives with ladies who hate the term Madame with a Queen Victorian hatred and that at present Gorki could pass unmolested from Boston to Hollywood. Mr Tzara seemed to think the amount of preparation our public requires for an idea formidable. He was somewhat sad and unsmiling as he talked of the evening at the Théâtre Michel. He appeared to be conscious that there had been something of a formula about it and that an effort in a new country and under new conditions might help the cause. I said as little about our police as I conscientiously could, but nevertheless I fear I said enough to disturb him. If Mr Tzara does not have an "evening" soon in the Sheridan Square Theatre I suppose I shall be to blame.

Mr Erik Satie, whom I met at Braque's, was not too much elated

by his share in the Théâtre Michel entertainment, either, although his share had been above reproach and had soothed savage and gentle alike. The Braque studio, which, alas, Braque is soon to quit, is charming. It is over the hill in Montmartre, but still so high that the view from the roof *terrasse* on the seventh floor would do admirably for Louise's Pa, in the opera, to curse.

I spied by chance yesterday in the Kraushaar window something that gave me great pleasure—a small, gilt-bronze statuette of a costumed female figure by Gaston Lachaise. The pleasure was the more in that I was meeting an old friend—I had seen the figure in the clay a year or two ago and had often wondered what had become of it. There is perhaps no harm in telling that Mrs Bertram Hartman posed for it though Lachaise in the end carried it beyond the portrait stage in which I first saw it. I had gone to call upon the Lachaises late one Sunday afternoon and blundered upon the pose which had evidently been undertaken impromptu. Lachaise and Mrs Hartman and young Mr Nagel, who was there, assured me that I was not interrupting and that it really was too dark for further work and that if I would but enter I should have a cup of tea. Now the Lachaise establishment is famous for the excellence of the tea it dispenses, but it is, naturally, Madame Lachaise who looks after this end. She had gone calling somewhere and Lachaise explained that his own technique in tea-making was somewhat wobbly, but, with a look of desperate resolve, he would do his best. He did do his best and his best was not bad and Madame Lachaise, who came in just as our festivities got under way, expressed no special disapproval though insisting with perhaps a shade of firmness that all present should come in again the following Sunday for another cup of tea. The second Sunday's tea was, of course, superb, but—so perverse is human nature—both teas registered with equal firmness upon my brain and I shall never see the charming and poetic little bronze without thinking of two pleasant Sunday afternoons.

Archipenko, the extraordinary Russian sculptor, has come to town, is already ensconced in a studio, and intends to seek pupils. Of this, undoubtedly, there will be more anon.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

TWO miserable performances took place the fifteenth and sixteenth of October. But that is not news. News is never that a dog goes mad and bites a man, but only that a man goes mad and bites a dog; and three hundred odd singers and players wading under the direction of Mr Bodanzky through a lengthy work devoid of all value, and the Philadelphia Orchestra muffling a Beethoven symphony under the baton of Mr Stokowsky, are events quite as banal as spasms of canine frenzy. If these concerts justify any mention whatsoever, it is merely because of certain comments passed on them in one of the morning newspapers; having set forth to draw the picture of a machine, we cannot in fairness leave off before having limned all its component parts.

The Pfitzner "romantic cantata," premier offering of our own little society for the appreciation of corpses, is a classical work of impotence. Men full of something to sing have not to play upon their audiences' sympathies through extra-musical means. But this manoeuvre seems habitual with Pfitzner. Some years since, when Busoni wrote *Towards a New Aesthetic of Music*, and demonstrated the logic of not twenty-four, but of one hundred and three gamuts, Pfitzner sought to discredit the theory, not by refuting Busoni on musical ground, but with talk of "We Germans do not need new scales"; "*Wälscher Tand*," et cetera. And the "romantic composer" is still playing, a trifle overmuch, that particular scale. His cantata he labels *Von Deutscher Seele*. Himself he calls a romantic composer; and the audience is assured that this choral piece, like all other of his works, "was created from an inner necessity which is really only a higher play-impulse." Throughout the composition, sourness tries to arrive at milk by making the gesture of golden-heartedness. And, of course, the goods are mysteriously derailed somewhere *en route*. A true romanticist would not to-day be found attempting to write "romantic" music. There is not a fresh and expressive note in the long work. Throats, instruments, sound unending emptiness. First you wonder what is suddenly the matter with yourself. Later, you wonder what is, and has for a long while been, the matter with Pfitzner.—And the Seventh Symphony under

Mr Stokowsky was flat, stale, full of the most ridiculous exaggerations of *forte* and *piano*. The tone of the orchestra was stringy heavy and coarse throughout. The marvellous interstellar introduction was almost rhythmless. A terrible want of fineness was at play all the while.—But this is not what we came to say. What we have to say has to do neither with Mr Bodanzky's delicious genius for the inferior; nor with the insensibility of Mr Stokowsky. It has to do merely with the reports of the two concerts published by a certain critic, Mr X——.

Mr X——'s report of the Pfitzner perpetration was marvellously evasive. He found the music "Impressive"—and added "that is the best one can say of most of the work," as though attributing impressiveness to a work were not doing a very great deal. Elsewhere, he called it "a mixture of good and bad," and then hastened to add "Pfitzner is at his best when he is working within limitations," by which almost Goethean phrase Mr X—— signified that "by far the most significant music in the score is that which is set to words. [The] choral writing is solid and idiomatic, and he [the composer] usually contrives to say his say through this medium with uncommon expressiveness and terseness. Perhaps the best bit of music in the score—is a lovely *a capella* setting" et cetera. Mr X—— also liked "his imitative moments, although pretty literal"; finding that "oboes and clarinets crow with diverting roosterishness at the line Wenn der Hahn kraecht auf dem Dache, and a passage descriptive of the stars rising over the sea is pricked out with a cheerful array of bright string pizzicati and little jets of woodwind fire." However, "Mr Pfitzner is not Wagner," and so on, all along the top of the fence. But if Mr X——'s piece on the Bodanzky evening was a perfect evasion, his piece on the evening of the Philadelphia Orchestra was just as uncritical. Our friend found it difficult to write about the concert "for the simple reason that a couple of handsprings and three rousing cheers are about the most comprehensive expression of opinion" he found he could think of at the moment. "No orchestra in the world could possibly be as good as Mr Stokowski's sounded" that night. "The tone of the orchestra seemed pure molten gold most of the time, the sort of playing that would make any music sound well, let alone Schubert and Bach and Beethoven, and its response to the conductor was as perfect as its tone."

The musical life of a place like New York is not a portion of the veritable body of existence. It is more something detached from the reality, a sort of shadow-day. The concert people do not make music with what they live outside the concert hall. That, never enters it. A vital criticism, however, would stomach no such shadowy music. It would demand a whole of life for the concert room. The critic no less than the performer is the champion of values. If the performer brings the meat to market, the critic sees to it that the meat is fresh. It is his work to insist that the standards of life remain undegraded. But the critic, to have a sense of values, must bring his sensibility with him into the hall; and the critics typified by Mr X—— seem persistently to check their sensibilities outside with the umbrellas and overshoes, and to bring to play on the performances a quality of intelligence which they would not dare apply to any other business of life. They, too, fall into the pattern of the music-people. Hence, any one who so wishes can insult the public with empty music and empty playing. For someone in the press is sure next morning to pat him on the back as though he had done a worthy deed.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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